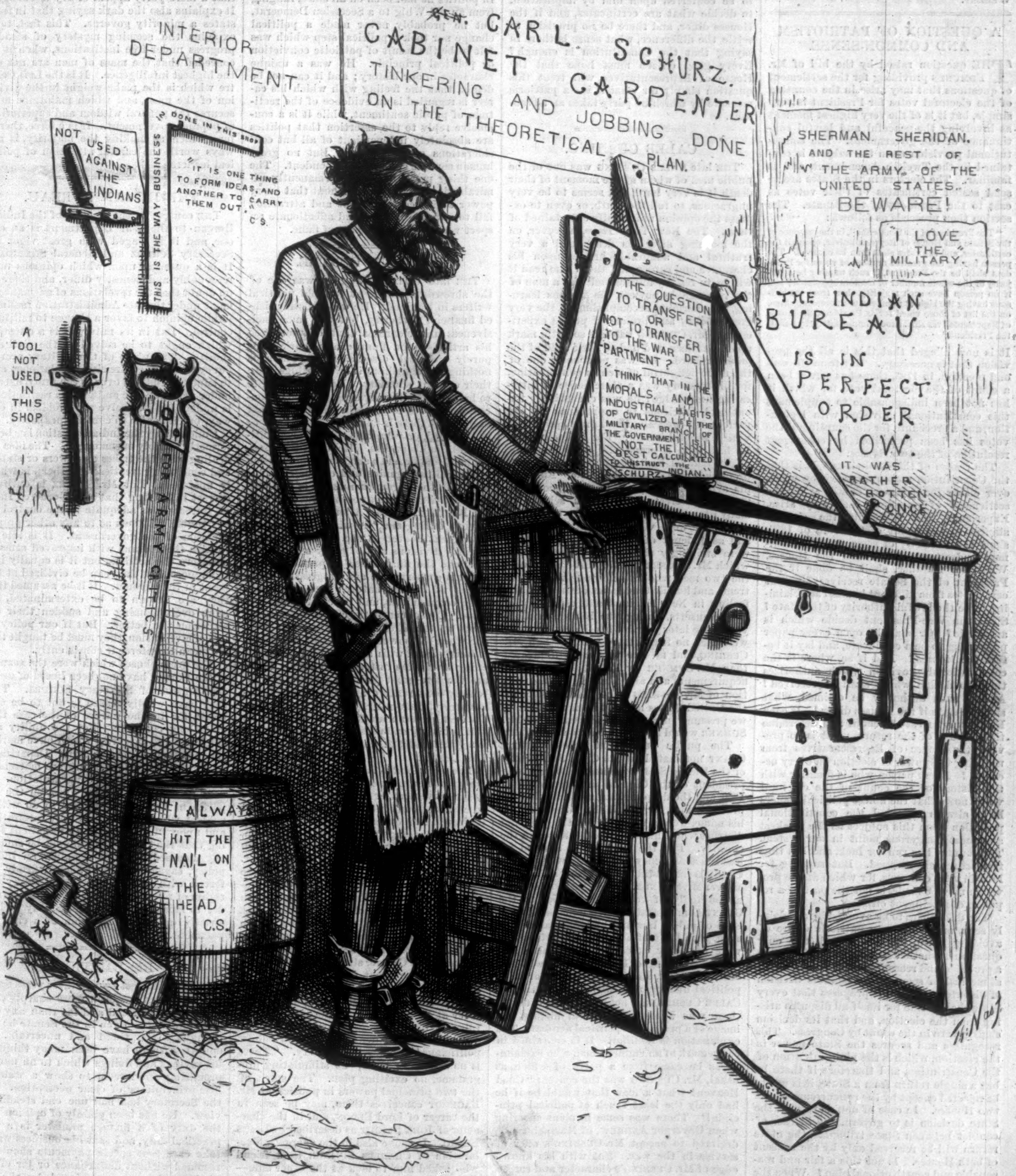
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXIII.—No. 1152.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


INTERIOR DEPARTMENT
~~GEN.~~ CARL SCHURZ.
CABINET CARPENTER
TINKERING AND JOBBING DONE ON THE THEORETICAL PLAN.
NOT USED AGAINST THE INDIANS
THIS IS THE WAY BUSINESS IS DONE IN THIS SHOP
"IT IS ONE THING TO FORM IDEAS, AND ANOTHER TO CARRY THEM OUT." C.S.
A TOOL NOT USED IN THIS SHOP
FOR ARMY OFFICES
SHERMAN. SHERIDAN. AND THE REST OF THE ARMY. OF THE UNITED STATES. BEWARE!
"I LOVE THE MILITARY."
THE QUESTION TO TRANSFER OR NOT TO TRANSFER TO THE WAR DE-PARTMENT?
"I THINK THAT IN THE MORALS. AND INDUSTRIAL HABITS OF CIVILIZED LIFE THE MILITARY BRANCH OF THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT THE BEST CALCULATED TO INSTRUCT THE INDIAN." C. SCHURZ.
THE INDIAN BUREAU IS IN PERFECT ORDER NOW. IT WAS RATHER ROTTEN ONCE
I ALWAYS HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD. C.S.
C.S.
Th. Nast

NO MORE OUTBREAKS.

C. SCHURZ. "I do not repel, but invite, inspection and observation on the part of military officers." (See by Mr. SCHURZ's letters how he likes it.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 25, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a double-page series of Sketches in Burmah, and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A QUESTION OF PATRIOTISM AND COMMON-SENSE.

The question raised by the bill of Mr. Edmunds providing for the settlement of questions that may arise in the counting of the electoral votes for President is very simple, but it is of the very highest moment as involving the peaceful and lawful continuance of the government. The constitutional provision upon the subject is contained in the Twelfth Amendment, and is familiar. The electors in the States are to send sealed certificates of their votes as cast to the President of the Senate. The section then proceeds as follows:

> "The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President."

It is now alleged that this is all the provision that is necessary. But from the second election, in 1793, there has never been a count of the electoral vote for which it has not been indispensable to supplement this constitutional provision with legislation, and a procedure for the counting of the votes has been prescribed by concurrent resolution of the two Houses.

The reason of this is obvious. It is that the Constitution makes no provision whatever either for necessary details or for the settlement of questions that may arise. Experience, and especially the circumstances of the count of the vote of 1876, show the necessity of some previous common understanding between the Houses. What, for instance, shall be done if the President of the Senate receives different certificates from different hands, each claiming to be the lawful authority of the State? Shall the Vice-President decide which is authentic? Or shall he open every paper purporting to be a certificate, and lay it before the Houses? And if so, where is the constitutional provision which authorizes them to decide which shall be received? And if such authority be claimed, what shall be done if the Houses differ? If each House may arrest the count and determine the validity of the return, what is to prevent the House of Representatives from usurping the power of election on every occasion? Every person who is familiar with the history of the count of the electoral vote knows that the ablest political leaders have always regarded the constitutional provision upon this subject as the weakest and most dangerous point in our system. The country has run for luck, and has thus far fortunately escaped. But running for luck in vital concerns, for which ample provision may be made, is not the part of a republic of intelligent citizens.

The difficulties to be avoided being plainly seen, and a common patriotic desire of avoiding them being assumed, the only question is whether Mr. Edmunds's bill offers a probable and reasonable and constitutional method of securing an equable decision of disputed points. It proposes that every State shall decide for itself all disputes arising from the election, and that its decision shall govern in the count by Congress. This recognizes and secures the State power in the election, which is the plain intention of the Constitution, and therefore if there be but a single return from a State, it is not to be rejected except by the concurrence of the two Houses. In case of double returns the State decision is to govern, and in case of conflict between State tribunals, the State return will be received only by the consent of both Houses. Is not this a fair and reasonable and constitutional plan? When the Houses meet to count the votes, objections may be raised upon many grounds. If the facts show that the State, speaking by its lawful authorities, is satisfied, ought so grave a decision as the rejection of the vote which it presents to be taken without the consent of both Houses? If, on the other hand, a State can not agree, and presents two certificates, ought either to be received without the consent of both Houses? The Constitution contemplates the perfect equality of the two Houses in the count, and this intention is carefully respected in the proposition of Mr. Edmunds. As we have before said, the utter inability of any Senator to show any valid reason against the adoption of the bill is presumptive evidence that none can be shown. The only objection that is made is that the Constitution is enough. But, as Mr. Bayard very cogently replied to Mr. Eaton, the bill merely executes a provision of the Constitution. That provision certainly can not execute itself. Even if the Vice-President chooses to open all papers purporting to be certificates, and declines to exercise the power, which is held by many to be conferred upon him by implication, to decide what are certificates, and if the Houses differ, and there be no provision to settle the difference, what sense is there in saying that the Constitution is enough? Every good citizen must hope that the House of Representatives will treat this question simply for what it is—a patriotic measure by which no party takes an advantage.

CALEB CUSHING.

The late Caleb Cushing was one of the public men of whom at the moment of their death it is very hard, and seems to be very ungracious, to tell the truth, or even to express the opinion universally entertained of them. The New York *Times*, however, on the morning after his death, had a very truthful and admirable article upon his character and career, and those who read it will more readily understand why a man of the remarkable powers, the various learning, the charming accomplishment, the very great ability and prolonged public experience of Mr. Cushing has left so little mark upon his times, and had so little hold of the public regard. He was personally one of the most delightful of men in conversation, for his memory was a store-house of interesting knowledge; he was exceedingly fluent and felicitous in expression; he had perfect self-possession and great quickness, with a playful humor. For half a century he had been a prominent actor in public affairs, and he had seen and known every prominent man during that time. Nor were his sympathies limited to professional or political interests. He was a scholar in many literatures, and his literary tastes and ambitions were very strong. The charm and ascendency of his personal impression were strikingly shown in the admiration which Mr. Sumner felt for him. They were the two men who represented the two extreme and hostile tendencies of thought and feeling in New England, and especially in Massachusetts, during the last generation, yet in the later years of his life Mr. Sumner welcomed no friend more warmly than Mr. Cushing, and no one was more impressed than Mr. Sumner by Mr. Cushing's great acquirements and abilities. If the nomination of Mr. Cushing to be Chief Justice of the United States had not been withdrawn, we presume, incredible as it seems, that Mr. Sumner would have voted for confirmation.

The public amazement when General Grant nominated to the Chief Justiceship of the United States the man who had been president of the Charleston Convention in 1860, and the deep and strong and universal protest which compelled the withdrawal of his name, were a revelation of the profound distrust which his career had fostered in the country. But the nomination showed no less the ascendency which the powers of Mr. Cushing had obtained over General Grant, as over Mr. Sumner. Mr. Cushing had been undoubtedly of very great service to the Grant Administration. His immense knowledge of public law and his political experience, with his tact and personal attraction, were naturally exceedingly agreeable and convenient; and to General Grant, who had been a soldier, and was not familiar with political history or traditions, the name of Caleb Cushing did not suggest, as it did to those who knew our political history, the image of a prodigious political acrobat. The explanation is familiar. It is contained in the remark of an eminent man who exclaimed, as he came from a party of which, as usual, Mr. Cushing was the centre: "Good Heaven! what a man that would be if he had only the least touch of political principle!" There was some insolent sneering when Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, declined to accept Mr. Cushing's offer of service in the war. But with his knowledge of Mr. Cushing's character and career, Governor Andrew would have been guilty of a great public offense had he accepted the offer.

In the perfect simplicity, gayety, and charm of his personal intercourse it was strange to remember that the fascinating man was Caleb Cushing. He was entirely frank and free, but still held himself wholly aloof. There was a kind of Voltairean coolness about him, and his response was to wit and intellectual challenge, not to sensibility or to moral or generous emotion. His capacity as a practical publicist was probably not surpassed by that of any American at any time; and of all men in the country he was most fitted, at the time he was sent, for the mission to Spain, upon which he departed amid universal approval. His diplomatic service in China, also, and his services at the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration, were very great and admirable. There was, indeed, no service of that kind, involving vast learning, wide experience, and the ready resources of a most accomplished advocate, for which Mr. Cushing was not felt to be equal, if not more equal than all our other public men. In politics he had been on all sides, ranging from an old Whig to a Secession Democrat, but he probably never made a political change nor took a political step which was felt to be the result of patriotic conviction or political principle. He was a unique character in our history; and it can not be denied that the feeling with which his career is regarded is an evidence of the rectitude of public sentiment, while it is a conclusive reply to the assertion that politics are absolutely independent of all but considerations of expediency. But no great human concern can be so independent. The one thing profoundly and permanently admirable is principle, and without that every power and accomplishment and attraction fail to win the sincere and affectionate respect which is the best part of fame.

THE LEFT CENTRE.

The late Walter Bagehot was one of the shrewdest and most forcible political writers in England. He was a distinguished financial authority, but the same incisiveness and clearness that characterized his articles upon finance also marked his purely political disquisitions. There is nothing more striking in his writings than their evident sincerity. He did not write to help a side either by exaggeration or concealment. He sought the truth, and that only. But there is nothing "visionary," as it is called, or "impracticable," or "sentimental," in his papers. He was a true Englishman, and he had a singular apprehension of the political genius and character of his race. In the December number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a posthumous article by Mr. Bagehot, called "A long Conservative Régime in England," in which he discusses with great acuteness the essential reasons of party divisions and of party ascendency. He finds the final cause of parties in the original conservative and progressive tendencies of human nature; but states are large communities, and necessarily slow to move. Consequently the conservative spirit dams up the stream of progress too long, and when the power can be no longer stayed, it bursts forth with abnormal force, threatening revolution instead of change. There are the two great political powers, the intensely conservative and the intensely innovating. But, in Mr. Bagehot's judgment, the best government for a free state, as he thinks history and present experience prove, is a government of what the French call the Left Centre.

The Left Centre is the representative of the great neutral mass which is not violently for movement or against it. It is alive to new ideas and inclined to progress, but it desires to introduce tested innovations only when the average man comprehends them, and not before, and in the shape in which he comprehends them, and in no other. Hence the Left Centre secures the state against the worst evils both of conservatism and progress. This is the true British ideal. It is this which John Stuart Mill had in mind when he said that the British political genius disdained logical and speculative politics. Yet, as Mr. Bagehot points out, the Left Centre, standing between, has neither of the great tendencies behind it. They must expect "that Conservatives like Mr. Disraeli—the head of one power—will sneer at them as 'stray philosophers;' that Liberals like Mr. Bright—the head of the other power—will deny that they are 'robust politicians.'" They have no cry. "There is no scream in them," no stimulating programme, no exciting plan. The spirit of the two principal powers in politics, as Mr. Bagehot conceives them, may be seen in the career of Lord Eldon, and in the character of John Bright as described by Louis Blanc. It spoke also in the energetic declaration of Charles Sumner to a friend who asked him to look at the other side—"There is no other side."

As practical men, however—and this is what men of the English race especially are—the members of the Left Centre, as they are called in France, or the Conservative-Liberals, as they are known in England, and the independent voters, as we call them in the United States, are often obliged to act with one or the other of the main forces. Sometimes, but not often, they can themselves control, but generally they can do no more than defeat the party that seems to them the most dangerous. Hence we have victories in successive years now on one side, now on the other: in New York, for instance, fifty thousand Republican majority in 1872, and fifty thousand Democratic majority in 1874. This explains also the want of sagacity in politicians who declare that they do not understand belonging to a party a little. Those who do not understand it do not understand the distinctive political genius of their country and of the English-speaking people. It shows, further, the error of supposing that the country is divided into two parties only, and therefore that a mere party appeal or cry is enough. It explains also the dark saying that in free states a minority governs. This fact, too, explains the seeming mystery of steady progress under free institutions, when it is conceded that the mass of men are not of the highest intelligence. It is the Left Centre which is the make-weight in the division of the mass, and which maintains and secures the general wisdom and superiority of popular government. It is a force, therefore, which, as making the majority, is always worth the careful attention of political leaders.

THE INDIAN BUREAU.

The contest for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department is an old one, and it is waged with great vigor by Secretary Schurz and General Sheridan. It is a question upon which opinions may reasonably and honestly differ, and there is no doubt that the revelations of mismanagement under the late Administration inclined public opinion to favor a change to military control. But in its nature it is a question which ought to be solved by the civil authority. The place of the military arm in our system is to enfore civil regulations; and to hand the Indians over to the army, except under very positive and precise restrictions, is undoubtedly to solve the problem in one way, but it is also to confess incapacity.

Undoubtedly the Indian question has been formerly terribly mismanaged. The idea of dealing with the tribes as powers or states, and concluding treaties with them, is wholly mistaken. But Mr. Schurz is entirely correct in holding that a well-ordered Indian Bureau is as adequate to the control of our Indian relations as to any other proper function of the government. It is idle to furnish the Indians with improved arms to massacre the settlers, but it is equally idle to suppose that they can be civilized at the point of the bayonet. If it be assumed that they are vermin to be exterminated, the more overwhelming and sudden their destruction the better. But if our policy be one of civilization, they must be taught that we mean to enforce it consistently.

The gross abuses which were the scandal of the Bureau have not been heard of under the control of Secretary Schurz. That they have wholly ceased is not to be supposed, for in the nature of the case they must long continue. But the ability and efficiency and integrity which have marked the conduct of the Interior Department under the present Secretary are matters of general knowledge and congratulation. In dealing with the Indian question the Department knows that it has to do with a subject which is not generally interesting, and upon which there is an impatient feeling that the ragamuffins should be summarily disposed of. But certainly an Indian policy, sagacious and humane, firmly enforced with due regard to the safety and rights of all, and without any weak surrender to morbid sentimentalism, may be held strictly under the direction of a civil department.

RESUMPTION.

During the last two or three years Secretary Sherman has been more sharply criticised both by friend and foe than any other public man. Even in the Senate he was thought to be timid and uncertain, and doubtless there have been many things in his sayings and doings which to an uncompromising mind seem to show a want of firm principle or of clear perception. But the Secretary has had one end steadily in view. He has been plainly of opinion that the duty of a finance minister is a very practical duty, and that his business was to take care that specie payments should be resumed without disturbance or jar of any kind at the time appointed by the bill which he had himself introduced in the Senate. Mr. Sherman has had the immense satisfaction of seeing it done. He has seen the paper rise steadily in value to the par of gold, so that on the day appointed, without confusion, and even without excitement, the last abnormal trace of the war disappeared, and specie payments were resumed.

It is a consummation of which the Secretary has the right to be very proud, and a service which secures the honorable mention of his name in our history. Undoubtedly it is a result not due to him alone, nor to any man. It is due to the sound public opinion, which has not wavered during the most prolonged trial of industrial inactivity, and which has not been misled by the most ingenious sophistries. Senators and Representatives in Congress, with few exceptions, have been afraid that public opinion was less sound than it really was, and have accordingly trimmed and held their peace, so that Congress has really not represented the real sentiment of the country. Mr. Sherman has constantly advanced in the positiveness of his declarations, deferring to the prejudices, and so far as possible to the convictions, of the opposition, but warping slowly ahead all the time, until the point is passed, and his Secretaryship of the Treasury will always be known as that under which the long suspension ended, and normal financial order was restored.

Resumption will be doubtless maintained, except in the case mentioned by General Garfield in his Chicago speech, of a successful onslaught upon the national banks, and the substitution of greenback for national notes. On the day that resumption went into effect a New England Greenback Convention resolved that the paramount issue of that party is that very substitution; but General Garfield very truly said at Chicago on the same day that we must debate the bank question with our eyes wide open to the fact that doubling the amount of greenback notes would compel renewed suspension. We must debate it also with some clear perception of the proper function of banking. Money should be always capital or its representative, and the issues of banks are made to lend capital. Government can not be properly a banker, because it is not engaged in production or trade—operations that produce the necessity of paper money. Of course, to the extent of the present amount of the greenbacks, the government is, under the law, a bank of issue. But this is something to be discontinued, not to be extended. The national banks can, and the government can not, respond automatically to the currency requirements of trade. Fortunately the public mind is now so alive and so well instructed upon the subject that the first movement of the attack upon specie payments, however indirect, will be promptly exposed and understood.

THE INFLUENCE OF CIPHERS.

We agree with one of the ablest Democratic papers in the State, the Buffalo *Courier*, that the Democrats in Congress made a mistake in refusing to look into the cipher dispatches. They can not be in any doubt as to the effect which the publication has produced upon the public mind, and the impression can not be deepened, and may be in some manner relieved, by an investigation. As it stands, silence is a confession. The personal and confidential agents of Mr. Tilden are now by common consent convicted of an attempt to buy electoral votes for him, and all that their party associates say is that probably the Republicans were quite as guilty. Such Democrats, however, forget that their position has been, not that both parties tried to cheat, and that the Republicans were the smarter, but that the Democrats were honest reformers, and the Republicans fraudulent rascals. Do the Democrats propose to go to the country in 1880 upon a platform of abortive cheating? Do they mean to appeal to public support upon the ground that they tried to buy what they allege the Republicans to have bought? They must see that if the country should be reduced to a choice of rascals, it would certainly prefer smart to bungling rascals.

The real strength of the Democrats in 1876 lay, as has been often and truly said, in the disgust with certain Republican practices, tendencies, and leaders, in the feeling that Mr. Tilden was a sincere and able reformer, and in the general desire of change, arising from many causes. But the situation is now altered to a degree that no eloquent expositions of "Jacksonian Democracy" can possibly conceal. The hard times are slowly passing away, and general confidence is returning. The conspicuous uprightness and cleanliness of the Administration, with its wise and patriotic policy, are in effective contrast with the wild and dangerous tendencies of the Democratic House, and have restored faith in Republican character and purposes. But, perhaps more than all, the cipher disclosures have utterly dissipated the mirage of Democratic reform, while the proceedings at the Southern polls have aroused a deep and strong determination that such proceedings shall not succeed in capturing control of the national government. This prodigious and significant change in the situation is not likely to be arrested by Democratic acquiescence in the revelations of the cipher dispatches, nor by reiterating that the President is a fraud. The friends of Mr. Tilden, under the circumstances, should be very wary how they invite a rejoinder. The precise situation upon his side is that an apparent result, produced by murder and other crimes, was sought to be finally secured by fraud and corruption.

The Democratic reluctance to touch the question of the ciphers, and the mock-seriousness of alleging bulldozing in Massachusetts as a set-off to the tissue ballots in South Carolina, are both facts which are not lost upon intelligent observers, who also do not forget that the strength of the greenback and fiat-money movement came from the Democratic side, and that in the Maine Legislature the Democrats have practically surrendered to the Greenbackers. It is not a time in which the Democrats can wisely omit to do any thing which would tend to show that they don't believe it to be much of a shower.

GOVERNOR TALBOT'S MESSAGE.

The message of Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, is remarkable not only for the plain and vigorous and detailed recommendations of economy, but for the decisive way in which the Governor pronounces for prohibition and for woman suffrage. He is too good a Republican, however, to propose any thing but a reference of the questions to the people and to their representatives. He thinks that permanent advances in temperance can be secured only by prohibitory enactments, but he confides in the judgment and conscience of the Legislature. But the Governor is nevertheless of opinion that the Legislature need not be elected every year, and he suggests biennial elections.

There is not and has never been a more truly popular or democratic commonwealth in the Union than Massachusetts, and this recommendation of Governor Talbot—a thorough New England Republican—is another illustration of the fact that politics are becoming so engrossing and expensive that some relief must be sought, and in more than half of the States it is sought in less frequent elections. In New York the Governor and chief State officers are elected every third year, the Senate every second year, and the Assembly every year. We do not know that any State which has made a change of this kind has returned or desires to return to a system of more frequent elections. Undoubtedly one of the most beneficent developments of the popular system will be the diminution of the number of elected officers, and the restriction of partisan patronage, which produces most of the mischief of an election. The less plunder there is in an election, the less expensive and exciting it will be; and the more concentrated official responsibility becomes, the better and more economical public service we shall have. Both of these good results are foreshadowed by the political thought and movement of the time.

There is no reason to suppose that the feeling for honest reform which brought Governor Talbot into office will be disappointed in his administration. He is a simple, sturdy man, whose convictions are strong, and whose words are sincere. The contrast between such a thoroughly substantial, honest, direct man and the friend of the salary grab who tried to be Governor as a tremendous reformer, is as conspicuous as a contrast can be.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

In his first letter to the Blaine committee of investigation, replying to their request for such evidence as he might be able to furnish in regard to the matters mentioned in his amendment, Mr. Thurman refers to Mr. Fernando Wood's petition against Mr. Davenport, which Mr. Davenport has earnestly requested may be made the basis of an inquiry, and after referring to some newspaper articles, a speech of Mr. Wallace, and a letter of Judge Kelley, he adds a circular of Mr. George C. Gorham, secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, as showing methods adopted by that committee to raise money for election expenses at variance with the President's order of June 22, 1877. Mr. Thurman's reply shows that he had only very general grounds upon which to rest his inquiry. But the allusion to the circular of Mr. Gorham recalls the request of that gentleman last summer, which was addressed to a very large number of persons in the civil service of the government, and upon which we took the liberty of commenting at that time. Mr. Gorham said that the circular might have been written by any friend of reform. But, alas! every friend of reform, whatever he may have thought of the hand, recognized the familiar old voice distinctly.

We do not know whether Mr. Thurman expects the committee to ascertain that money, however raised, was illicitly used. But the committee would do a public service if it should report its opinion of the practice of assessing persons employed in the civil service for the election expenses of the Administration party. The President's views upon the subject are well known, and he has succeeded in doing much to break up the practice. Every clerk under government is very much more able than formerly to decline the requests of touters of every kind and degree for campaign funds. The very evident truth that the salary of his place is the wages of faithful service to the government, and not to the party, has become largely a practical truth. The circular of Mr. Gorham, which was ingeniously written, relied upon the conviction, likely to be strong in the mind of every man appointed under a system of patronage, that Administrations come and go, but patronage goes on forever. To the initiated the voice of the circular was that the names of those who did not "contribute" to Robin Hood's exchequer would be duly noted, and although giving was purely voluntary, and although, of course, giving or declining to give would not in any way affect a man's tenure of his office, yet—yet—and the secretary was, very respectfully, an obedient servant.

If Mr. Thurman's party should obtain command of the patronage, we suspect that its Congressional Committee's secretary would specify the precise sum expected, and expected under a very summary process of removal in case of delinquency. For the Senator's purpose in this investigation, however, he must somehow connect the raising of the money with its misuse in the election. That is a branch of the inquiry which he would probably find exceedingly difficult to pursue. But if Mr. Thurman would join in procuring a real remedy for the evil illustrated by Mr. Gorham's circular, it would be as good a public service as he has ever done.

PERSONAL.

The name of Mr. G. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, having been mentioned in connection with the mission to Berlin, a gentleman, speaking by authority, says: "Mr. Childs would not accept the Berlin mission or any other office. His rule on that subject for his own conduct is inflexible. On two occasions when he has been absent in Europe he has left with me authority in writing to say 'no' to any suggestions of his name for office, and I had to use it twice. His view is that so long as he is the publisher of an independent newspaper, both duty and policy demand that he should be entirely free from such entangling alliance as the acceptance of any office would bring."

—A London correspondent states, on authority worthy of high consideration, that on the re-assembling of Parliament in February, an intimation will be made in both Houses that in consequence of her recent bereavement, and from other considerations of a personal nature, the Queen has decided to relinquish the reins of power in favor of the Prince of Wales as Prince Regent.

—Our venerable contemporary, the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, now in the eighty-fifth year of its publication, paid to its stockholders on the 1st instant a dividend of $38 75 per share. The *Commercial* is, in very deed, in a green and vigorous old age, and under the management of Mr. Hastings has acquired a larger circulation than it ever had before. Although decidedly Republican in tone, it nevertheless is conspicuous for its independence, much to the annoyance of those partisans who view with disgust any stepping over the party traces.

—The Buffalo *Courier*, now in its thirty-fifth year, opens the new year in new typographical attire. The *Courier* is among the ablest papers of the country, and was never more ably conducted than since it came under the editorship of that fine poet and scholar, David Gray.

—A successor to Thackeray's tuneful Policeman X has been discovered in one Sergeant Peck, of the London police. This present laureate of the force does not, however, confine himself to ballad poetry. He has written a work called "On Duty"—not an essay, but an epic—of no fewer than 366 stanzas. On two classes of his fellow-creatures his divine wrath is freely expended—one:

> "The brutal London rough,
> Of whose clan there are enough
> To populate a large provincial town;
> In their rookeries they thrive—
> There's no viler race alive—
> And a fearful task it is to keep them down."

And the other, we regret to say, the reporter:

> "There's another dreaded foe,
> As most policemen know,
> Whom they meet with, and who sits at work in court
> Like a spider on the watch,
> Unsuspecting flies to catch,
> Ever weaving a sensational report.
>
> "At the table there he sits,
> And his inky venom spits,
> And a story strange from nothing can concoct;
> And the public, if it knew
> Just how much of it was true,
> Would often be less edified than shocked."

How unlike their brethren of New York must be the London police reporters!

—Among the clever speeches delivered at the recent annual dinner of the New England Society in this city, that of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was conspicuous for wit, tact, and good sense. Indeed, Mr. Depew has come to be regarded as one of the readiest and best occasional speakers in New York. A contemporary says of him, very justly: "Mr. Depew is a natural orator. He is equally effective on the stump or in the festive hall, before a vast multitude or a select few. There is no theme which he can not decorate with choice flowers of rhetoric, no occasion to which he is not equal. He never makes a failure; no surroundings can disconcert him, no untoward circumstances disturb the silvery thread of his fluent discourse. This speech was one of his happiest efforts, and fully sustained his high and well-deserved reputation."

—Mr. Edmund Yates, in the following note to Colonel Forney, acknowledges the great practical value of his trip to these United States:

"1 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.,
December 17, 1878.

"My dear Forney,—I am delighted to hear that *Progress* is established, and doing so well. I shall always think of it as an offshoot from this parent tree, and take interest in it accordingly. One thing is certain, that if I had not gone to America and received such kindness there, there would have been no *World*.

"I send you my Christmas number, which is selling enormously. Yours sincerely, Edmund Yates."

—The London *Spectator*, one of the leading weeklies of England, alludes in very complimentary terms to Mr. Abraham S. Hewitt's address on "The Mutual Relations of Capital and Labor," recently read before the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress at Cincinnati, and says: "Mr. Hewitt's name is familiar to our public as that of the member of Congress for the Tenth District of New York city, and one of the ablest and most trusted members of the late House of Representatives. It may not, however, be equally well known that he is a large iron-master in New Jersey, as well as a successful manufacturer in New York, and therefore an employer of labor on a large scale. That his mind has long been working on the labor question is clear from the fact that, if we remember rightly, he was the only foreigner who gave evidence eleven years ago before our first Trade-unions Commission. At any rate, his evidence attracted more attention than that of almost any other witness, and even after the interval of ten eventful years is still very well worth careful study." The *Spectator* "commends his co-operative ideas to the consideration of English employers of labor and work-people."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: Both Houses re-assembled, after the holiday recess, on the 7th inst. In the Senate, Mr. Edmunds introduced resolutions declaring the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments of the same authority as the rest of the Constitution, and instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the protection of citizens in their right to vote for Congressmen. In the House, Mr. Acklen, of Louisiana, asked for an investigation of certain charges made against him, but the House voted that it had no jurisdiction.—On the 8th, Senator Booth introduced a bill to reduce the price of public lands within railroad limits to $1 25 per acre. Senator Edmunds submitted a joint rule providing that no bill passed on the last three days of the session shall be sent by either House to the other for concurrence, and that on the last day no bill shall be sent to the President without a three-fourths vote in each House. Senator Grover denied certain newspaper charges reflecting on his administration as Governor of Oregon. The Senate adjourned early, on the announcement of the death of Representative Hartridge, of Georgia, and the House transacted no business.—In the Senate, on the 9th, the Indian Appropriation Bill was reported, with amendments; and Mr. Beck's resolution was passed providing for an inquiry as to whether Secretary Sherman had complied with the law requiring the use of silver in paying the interest on the public debt. In the House, the funeral of Representative Hartridge took place. No business was done.

The New York State Legislature met in the new Capitol on the 7th inst., but only the Senate organized. The Assembly organized on the 9th, and elected Thomas G. Alvord Speaker. The Governor's Message was received and read in both Houses.

The Connecticut Legislature, on the 9th inst., elected the Republican State ticket, as follows: Governor, Charles B. Andrews; Lieutenant-Governor, David Gallup; Secretary of State, David Torrance; Comptroller, Chauncey Howard.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Shere Ali, the fugitive Ameer of Afghanistan, reached Mazar-i-Sharif on Christmas-day, with the Russian General Rosgonoff. He persisted in proceeding to St. Petersburg. The Viceroy of India telegraphs that it is rumored that Yakoob Khan, finding himself powerless in Cabool, is preparing to follow his father in his flight.—General Roberts telegraphs that he reached Kakubi on the 6th inst., and that the Deputy-Governor of Khost came there to pay his respects. The next day the general made an attack upon some hostile tribes who opposed his progress, and killed 300 of them. He also captured 100 prisoners, a quantity of grain, and a large number of cattle.—The band of Mahoud Waziris who recently made an incursion into British territory, plundered the inhabitants, burned a tank, and retreated to the hills, has been cut off with heavy loss. The Khyber Pass is now quiet. The British attacked the Suleiman Khel marauders, and killed seventy of them; the British lost two killed and ten wounded. This important operation will, it is expected, produce quiet on the frontier.

The plague in Astrakhan is assuming serious proportions. Fugitives have carried the contagion to three adjacent villages. Quarantine has been proclaimed in the district of Enotaievsk. There have been 400 deaths from the disease up to the 4th inst.

The Republicans achieved a great triumph in the Senatorial elections in France on the 5th inst. Of forty-seven Conservatives whose terms expired, only thirteen were re-elected. All the retiring Republicans were re-elected. Fifteen Conservatives were chosen, and sixty-four Republicans. The Republican majority in the Senate will be about fifty-seven. Fifty-six Conservatives elected in 1876 received 15,646 votes, whereas, in 1879 they only obtained 3208 votes, thus losing 12,438 votes. Nineteen Republicans elected in 1876 received 5636 votes, and in 1879 received 20,262, thus gaining 14,626 votes.

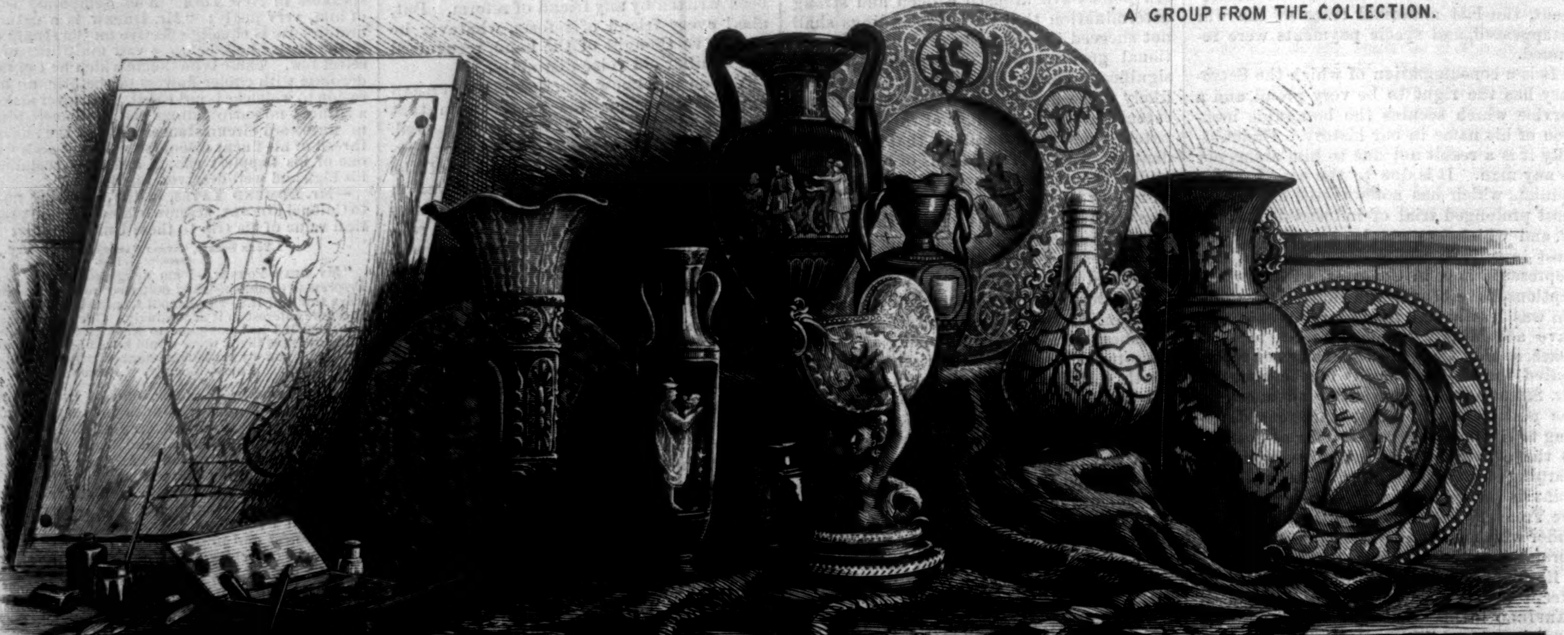
The elections in Denmark for members of the Folkething resulted in the defeat of the Radical leader, Tauber. The Moderate Left lost fourteen seats, of which the Right gained seven. The Radical Left lost six seats to the Right, and the latter lost two seats.

Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain on the 25th of October last, was executed on the 4th inst.

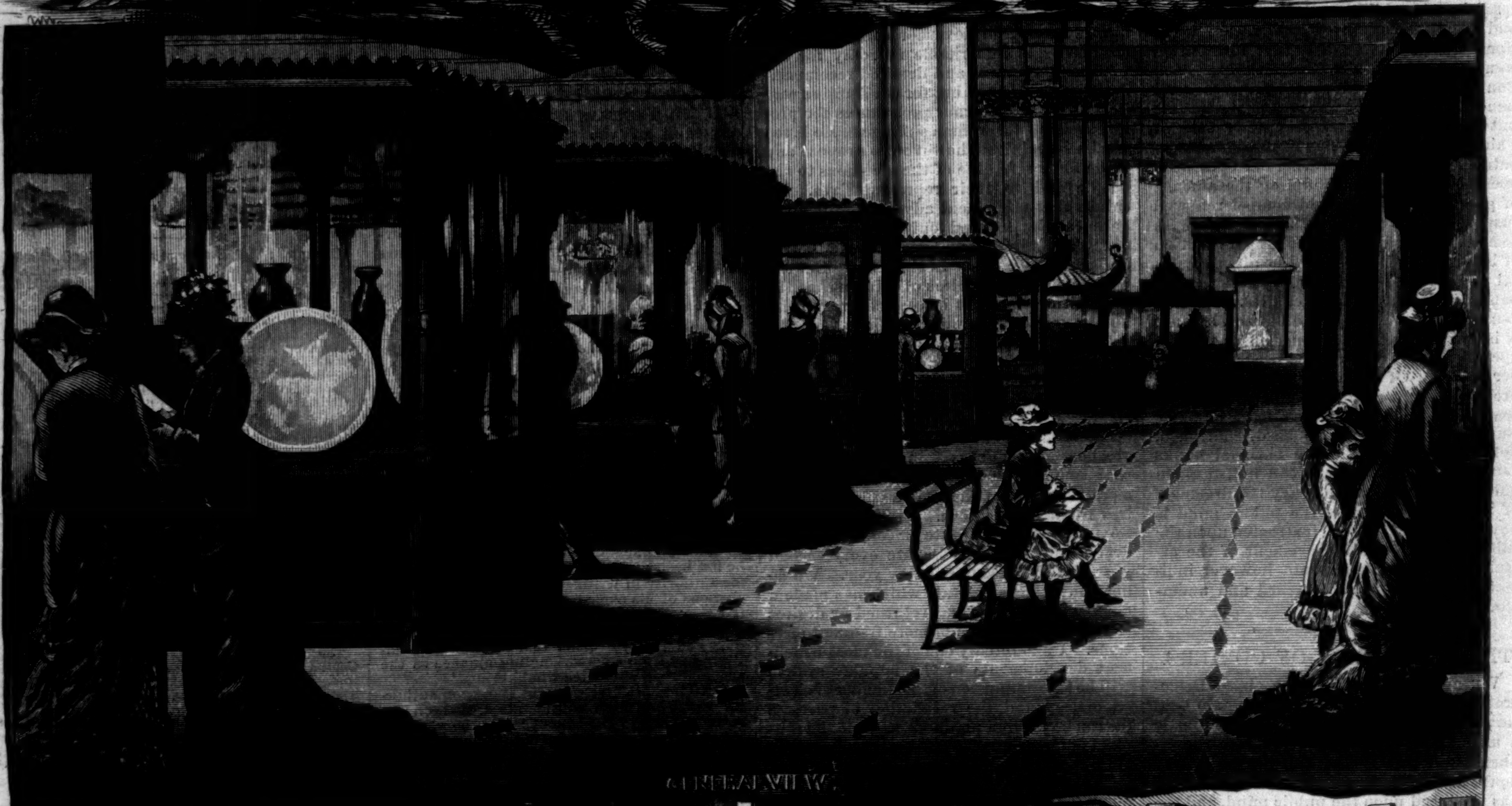
The Bey of Tunis has sent a plenipotentiary to Paris to arrange the difference with France. The French government is not satisfied with this, and demands an apology to the French consul, the dismissal of the offending functionaries, and an inquiry regarding the dispute with M. Desancy.

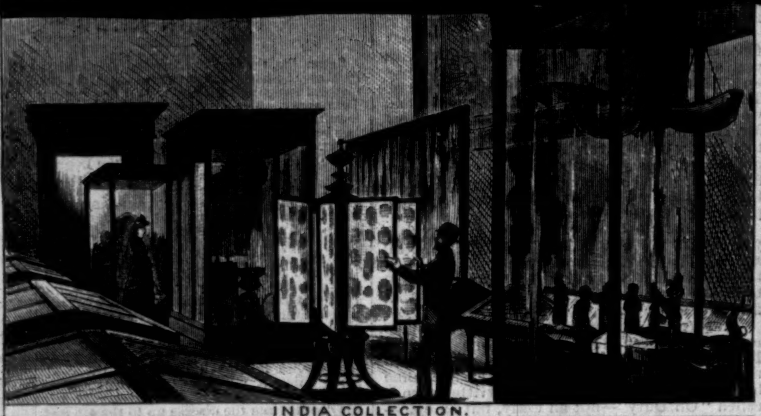
The King of Holland was married to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont on the 7th inst.

The British steamer *Bayard*, which sailed from New Orleans on the 4th ult. for Rouen, France, foundered at sea when six days out. All but two of her crew were lost.

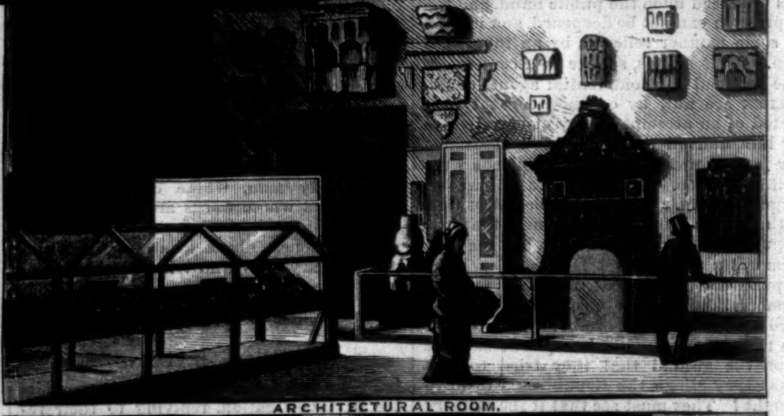


A GROUP FROM THE COLLECTION.

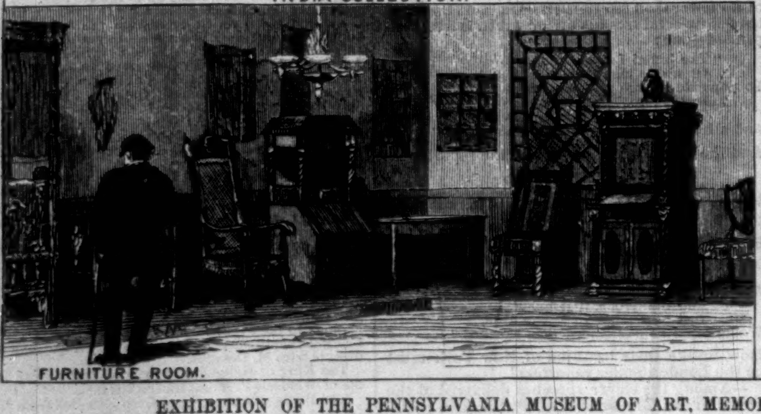




INDIA COLLECTION.



ARCHITECTURAL ROOM.



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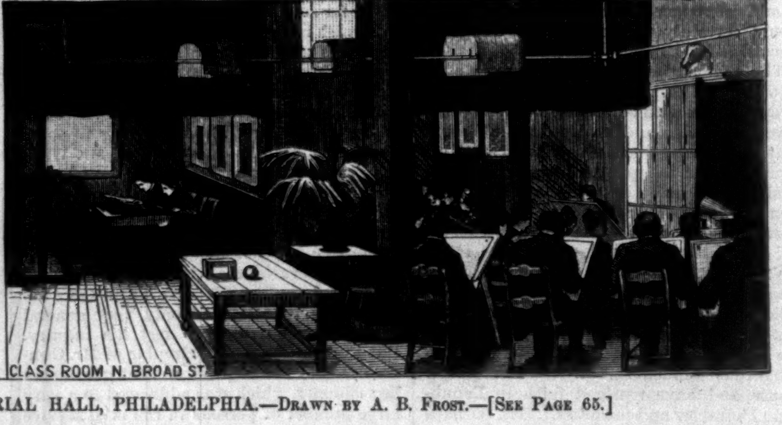
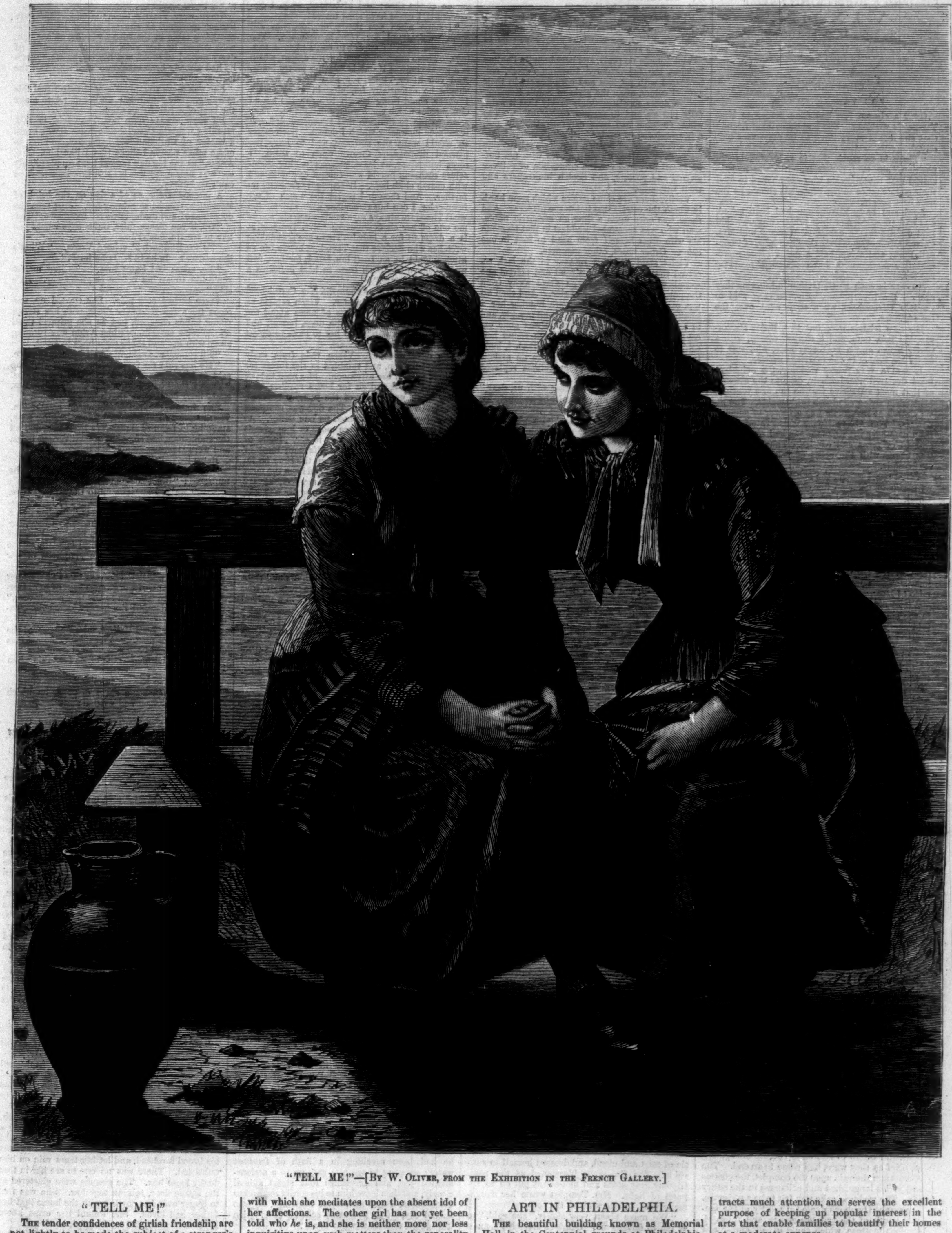


CLASS ROOM N. BROAD ST.

EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM OF ART, MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 65.]



"TELL ME!"—[BY W. OLIVER, FROM THE EXHIBITION IN THE FRENCH GALLERY.]

"TELL ME!"

THE tender confidences of girlish friendship are not lightly to be made the subject of a stranger's curious speculations, but we can not look at the attitude of these two maidens, seated on a bench at the sea-side, the one forgetful of her pitcher, the other of her knitting, both intent upon that engrossing theme, a half-confessed love affair, without trying to guess the purport of their conversation. That one of them is deeply in love with somebody, or imagines herself to be in love with him, may be read in the soft but steadfast gaze directed nowhere, the air of fondly rapt distraction, the folded hands, and passive expectancy with which she meditates upon the absent idol of her affections. The other girl has not yet been told who *he* is, and she is neither more nor less inquisitive upon such matters than the generality of her sex. "Tell me!" or rather, at least, "Only tell *me!* You know *I* never will tell any body else." This is the burden of her persuasive entreaty, which is pretty sure to earn its desired boon of a communication of her friend's secret. Let us hope that it will be received with generous sympathy, and also that there will be a happy future in store for a couple of true lovers, while the confidante may, in due time, be called upon to officiate as a bride-maid at the village church.

ART IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE beautiful building known as Memorial Hall, in the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, contains a very interesting collection of specimens belonging to the Pennsylvania Museum of Art and to the Industrial School in North Broad Street. The first comprises an extensive assortment of articles in porcelain, bronze, etc., tastefully and conveniently arranged for inspection and study in the main hall of the building, while other rooms are devoted to special collections from India, China, Japan, and other countries, to specimens of artistic furniture, and to architectural designs and decorations. The collection attracts much attention, and serves the excellent purpose of keeping up popular interest in the arts that enable families to beautify their homes at a moderate expense.

The small engraving at the lower right-hand corner of the page shows the drawing class room of the Industrial School—an institution which has done good service in the interests of art education in its various branches. At present we are not able to compete with the older countries of Europe in the products of industrial art; but the institutions of this character that are springing up in our larger towns and cities, if efficiently managed and supported, will soon enable us to rival them successfully.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOW IS VOWED.

ONLY a chosen few had been bidden to Mrs. Tempest's wedding. She had told all her friends that she meant every thing to be done very quietly.

"There is so much that is saddening in my position," she said, pensively. But she was resolved that those guests who were asked to lend their countenance to her espousals should be the very best people.

Lord and Lady Ellangowan had been asked, and had accepted, and their presence alone would lend dignity to the occasion. Colonel and Mrs. Carteret, from Copse Hall, the Chopnells, of Chopnell Park, and about half a dozen other representative land-owners and commoners made up the list.

"There is such a satisfaction in knowing they are all the best people," Mrs. Tempest said to Captain Carmichael, when they went over the list together.

His own friends were but two, Major Pontorson, his best man, and a clerical cousin, with a portly figure and a port-winy nose, who was to assist Mr. Scobel in the marriage service.

It was a very pretty wedding, the neighborhood declared unanimously, despite the absence of that most attractive feature in more youthful bridals—a string of girlish bride-maids. The little church at Beechdale was a bower of summer flowers. The Abbey House conservatories had been emptied; the Ellangowans had sent a wagon-load of ferns and exotics. The atmosphere was heavy with the scent of yellow roses and stephanotis.

Violet stood among the guests pale as marble, no gleam of color on her cheeks except the wavering hues reflected from the painted windows in the low Gothic chancel, the ruddy gold of her hair shining under the Vandyck hat with its sweeping feather. She was the loveliest thing in that crowded church, whither people had come from ten miles off to see Squire Tempest's widow married; but she had a spectral look in the faint light of the chancel, and seemed as strange an image at this wedding as the ghost of Don Ramiro at Donna Clara's bridal dance.

Violet did not look like the malevolent fairy in the old story, but she had a look and air which told every one that this marriage was distasteful to her.

When all was over, and the register had been signed in the vestry, Captain Carmichael came up to her, with both hands extended, before all the company.

"My dear Violet, I am your father now," he said. "You shall not find me wanting in my duty."

She drew back involuntarily; and then, seeing herself the focus of so many eyes, suffered him to touch the tips of her fingers.

"You are very kind," she said. "A daughter can have but one father, and mine is dead. I hope you will be a good husband to my mother. That is all I can desire of you."

All the best people heard this speech, which was spoken deliberately, in a low, clear voice, and they decided inwardly that whatever kind of wife Captain Carmichael might have won for himself, he had found his match in his step-daughter.

Now came the drive to the Abbey House, which had put on a festive air, and where smartly dressed servants were lending their smiles to a day which they all felt to be the end of a peaceful and comfortable era, and the beginning of an age of uncertainty. It was like that day at Versailles when the Third Estate adjourned to the Tennis Court, and the French Revolution began. People smiled, and were pleased at the new movement and expectancy in their lives, knowing not what was coming.

"We are bound to be livelier, anyhow, with a military master," said Pauline.

"A little more company in the house wouldn't come amiss, certainly," said Mrs. Trimmer.

"I should like to see our Champagne cellar better stocked," remarked Forbes, the butler. "We're behind the times in our sparkling wines."

Captain Carmichael entered the old oak-panelled hall with his wife on his arm, and felt himself master of such a house as a man might dream of all his life and never attain. Money could not have bought it. Taste could not have created it. The mellowing hand of time, the birth and death of many generations, had made it beautiful.

The wedding breakfast was as other wedding feasts. People ate and drank and made believe to be intensely glad, and drank more sparkling wine than was good for them at that abnormal hour, and began to feel sleepy before the speeches, brief as they were, had come to an end. The August sun shone in upon the banquet, the creams and jellies languished and collapsed in the sultry air. The wedding cake was felt to be a nuisance. The cracker bonbons exploded faintly in the languid hands of the younger guests, and those ridiculous mottoes, which could hardly amuse any one out of Earlswood Asylum, were looked at a shade more contemptuously than usual. The weather was too warm for enthusiasm. And Violet's pale set face was almost as disheartening as the skeleton at an Egyptian banquet. When Mrs. Tempest retired to put on her travelling dress Violet went with her—a filial attention the mother had in no wise expected.

"Dear girl," she said, squeezing her daughter's hand, "to-day is not to make the slightest difference."

"I hope not, mamma," answered Violet, gravely; "but one can never tell what is in the future. God grant you may be happy!"

"I'm sure it will be my own fault if I am not happy with Conrad," said the wife of an hour; "and, oh, Violet, my constant prayer will be to see you more attached to him."

Violet made no reply, and here happily Pauline brought the fawn-colored travelling dress, embroidered with poppies and corn-flowers in their natural colors, after the style of South Kensington—a dress so distractingly lovely that it naturally put an end to serious conversation. The whole costume had been carefully thought out, a fawn-colored parasol, edged with ostrich feathers, a fawn-colored bonnet, fawn-colored Hessian boots, fawn-colored Swedish gloves with ten buttons—all prepared for the edification of railway guards and porters, and Scotch innkeepers and their valetaille.

Verily, there are some games which seem hardly worth the candle that lights the players. And there was once upon a time an eccentric nobleman who was accounted maddest in that he made his wife dress herself from head to foot in one color. Other times, other manners.

Violet staid with her mother to the last, received the last embrace—a fond and tearful one—and watched the carriage drive away from the porch amidst a shower of rice. And then all was over. The best people were bidding her a kindly good-by. Carriages drove up quickly, and in a quarter of an hour every one was gone except the vicar and his wife. Vixen found herself standing between Mr. and Mrs. Scobel, looking blankly at the old hearth, where an artistic group of ferns and scarlet geraniums replaced the friendly winter fire.

"Come and spend the evening with us, dear," said Mrs. Scobel, kindly; "it will be so lonely for you here."

But Violet pleaded a headache—a plea which was confirmed by her pale cheeks and the dark rings round her eyes.

"I shall be better at home," she said. "I'll come and see you in a day or two, if I may."

"Come whenever you like, dear. I wish you would come and stay with us altogether. Ignatius and I have been so pleased with your conduct to-day, and we have felt for you deeply, knowing what a conquest you have made over yourself."

The Reverend Ignatius murmured his acquiescence.

"Poor mamma!" sighed Violet. "I am afraid I have been very unkind."

And then she looked absently round the old familiar hall, and her eye lighted on the squire's favorite chair, which still stood in its place by the hearth. Her eyes filled with sudden tears. She fancied she could see a shadowy figure sitting there. The squire in his red coat, his long hunting whip across his knee, his honest loving face smiling at her.

She squeezed Mrs. Scobel's friendly hand, bade her and the vicar a hurried good-by, and ran out of the room, leaving them looking after her pityingly.

"Poor girl," said the vicar's wife, "how keenly she feels it!"

"Ah!" sighed the vicar, "I have never been in favor of second marriages. The widow is happier if she so abide, after my judgment, as St. Paul says."

Vixen called Argus and went up to her room, followed by that faithful companion. When she had shut and locked the door, she flung herself on the ground, regardless of Madame Theodore's masterpiece, and clasped her arms round the dog's thick neck, and buried her face in his soft hide.

"Oh, Argus, I have not a friend in the world but you!" she sobbed.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

A STRANGE stillness came upon the Abbey House after Mrs. Tempest's wedding. Violet received a few invitations and morning calls from friends who pitied her solitude; but the best people were for the most part away from home in August and September; some no farther than Bournemouth or Weymouth; others roaming the mountainous districts of Europe in search of the picturesque or the fashionable.

Violet did not want society. She made excuses for refusing all invitations. The solitude of her life did not afflict her. If it could have continued forever, if Captain Carmichael and her mother could have wandered about the earth, and left her in peaceful possession of the Abbey House, with the old servants, old horses, old dogs, all things undisturbed as in her father's time, she would have been happy. It was the idea of change, a new and upstart master in her father's place, which tortured her. Any delay which kept off that evil hour was a blessed relief; but, alas! the evil hour was coming; it was close at hand, inevitable. That autumn proved exceptionally fine. Scotland cast aside her mantle of mist and cloud, and dressed herself in sunshine. The Trossachs blossomed as the rose. Gloomy gray glens and mountains put on an apparel of light. Mrs. Tempest wrote her daughter rapturous letters about the tour.

"We move about very slowly," she said, "so as not to fatigue me. Conrad's attention is more than words can describe. I can see that even the waiters are touched by it. He telegraphs beforehand to all the hotels, so that we have always the best rooms. He thinks nothing too good for me. It is quite saddening to see a herd of travellers sent away houseless every evening. The fine weather is bringing crowds to the Highlands. We could not have travelled at a more favorable time. We have had only a few showers, but in one, on Loch Katrine, my poor fawn-colored dress suffered. The scarlet of the poppies ran into the blue of the corn-flowers. Is it not a pity? I was quite unconscious of what was going on at the time; and afterward, when I discovered it, I could have shed tears.

"I hope when you marry, darling, you will come to Scotland for your honey-moon. The mountains seem to appeal to one's highest feelings. There are ponies, too, for the ascent, which is a great comfort if one is wearing pretty boots. And you know, Violet, my idea that a woman should be essentially feminine in every detail. I never could bring myself to wear the horrid clump soles which some women delight in. They seem to me to indicate that strong-minded and masculine character which I detest. Such women would want the suffrage, and to have the learned professions thrown open to them. I meet ladies—or, at least, persons calling themselves such—in horrid water-proof costumes and with coarse cloth hats. Hideousness could go no farther. And though I regret the wreck of my fawn-color, I can but remember with satisfaction what Theodore always says to me when she shows me one of her chefs-d'œuvre: 'Mrs. Tempest, it is a dress fit for a lady.' There are scandalous wretches who declare that Theodore began life as kitchen-maid in an Irish inn, but I, for one, will never believe it. Such taste as hers indicates a refined progeniture."

With such letters as these did Mrs. Carmichael comfort her absent daughter. Vixen replied as best she might, with scraps of news about the neighbors, rich and poor, the dogs, horses, and garden. It was hateful to her to have to direct her letters to Mrs. Carmichael.

The days went on. Vixen rode from early morning till noon, and rambled in the forest for the best part of the afternoon. She used to take her books there, and sit for hours reading on a mossy bank under one of the boughy beeches, with Argus at her feet. The dog was company enough for her. She wanted no one better. At home the old servants were more or less friends—their faces always pleasant to see. Some of them had lived with her grandfather; most of them had served her father from the time he inherited his estate. The squire had been the most conservative and indulgent of masters, always liking to see the old faces. The butler was old, and even on his underling's bullet-head the gray hairs were beginning to show. Mrs. Trimmer was at least sixty, and had been getting annually bulkier for the last twenty years. The kitchen-maid was a comfortable-looking person of forty. There was an atmosphere of domestic peace in the offices of the Abbey House which made every body fat. It was only by watchfulness and tight lacing that Pauline preserved to herself that grace of outline which she spoke of in a general way as "figure."

"And what a mite of a waist I had when I first went out to service!" she would say, pathetically.

But Pauline was now in Scotland, harassed by unceasing cares about travelling bags, bonnet boxes, and extra wraps, and undervaluing Ben-Nevis as not worth half the trouble that was taken to go and look at him.

The gardeners were gray-headed, and remembered potting the first fuchsia slips that ever came to the Forest. They had no gusto for new-fangled ideas about cordon fruit trees or root pruning. They liked to go their own way, as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them, and, with unlimited supplies of manure, they were able to produce excellent cucumbers by the first of May, or a fair dish of asparagus by about the same time. If their produce was late, it was because nature went against them. They could not command the winds, or tell the sun that he must shine. The gardens at the Abbey House were beautiful, but nature had done more for them than the squire's old gardeners. The same rose-trees budded and bloomed year after year; the same rhododendrons and azaleas opened their big bunches of bloom. Eden could have hardly owed less to culture. The noble old cedars, the mediæval yews, needed no gardener's hand. There was a good deal of weeding and mowing and rolling done from week's end to week's end, and the borders were beautified by banks of geranium and golden calceolaria and a few other old-fashioned flowers; but scientific horticulture there was none. A few alterations had been begun under Captain Carmichael's directions, but the work languished in his absence.

It was the beginning of September, and the travellers were expected to return within a few days, the exact date of their arrival not being announced. The weather was glorious, warmer than it had been all through the summer; and Vixen spent her life out-of-doors. Sad thoughts haunted her less cruelly in the great wood. There was a brightness and life in the forest which cheered her. It was pleasant to see Argus's enjoyment of the fair weather; his wild rushes in among the under-wood; his pursuit of invisible vermin under the thick holly bushes, the brambles, and bracken; his rapturous rolling in the dewy grass, where he flung himself at full length, and rolled over and over, and leaped as if he had been revelling in a bath of freshest water; pleasant to see him race up to a serious-minded pig, and scrutinize that stolid animal closely, and then leave him to his sordid researches after edible roots with open contempt, as who should say, "Can the same scheme of creation include me and that vulgar brute?"

All things had been set in order for the return of the newly married couple. Mrs. Trimmer had her dinner ready to be put in hand at a moment's notice. Violet felt that the end of her peaceful life was very near. How would she bear the change? How would she be able to behave herself decently? Well, she would try her best, Heaven giving her strength. That was her last resolve. She would not make the poor frivolous mother unhappy.

"Forgive me, beloved father, if I am civil to the usurper," she said. "It will be for my mother's sake. You were always tender and indulgent to her; you would not like to see her unhappy."

These were Vixen's thoughts one bright September morning, as she sat at her lonely little breakfast table in the sunny window of her den, with Argus by her side, intensely watchful of every morsel of bread and butter she ate, though he had already been accommodated with half the loaf.

She was more amiably disposed than usual this morning. She had made up her mind to make the best of a painful position.

"I shall always hate him," she told herself, meaning Captain Carmichael; "but I will begin a career of Christian-like hypocrisy, and try to make other people believe that I like him. No, Argus," as the big paw tugged her arm pleadingly—"no; now really this is sheer greediness. You can't be hungry."

A piteous whine, as of a dog on the brink of starvation, seemed to gainsay her. Just then the door opened, and the middle-aged footman entered.

"Oh, if you please, miss, Bates says would you like to see Bullfinch?"

"To see Bullfinch!" echoed Vixen. "What's the matter? Is he ill? Is he hurt?"

"No, miss; but Bates thought as how maybe you'd like to see 'un before he goes away. He's sold."

Vixen turned very pale. She started up, and stood for a few moments silent, with her strong young hands clinched, just as she gripped them on the reins sometimes when Arion was running away with her and there were bogs in front.

"I'll come," she said, in a half-suffocated voice.

"He has sold my father's horse, after all," she said to herself, as she went toward the stables. "Then I shall hate him openly all my life. Yes, every body shall know that I hate him."

She found the stables in some commotion. There were two strangers, groomy-looking men, standing in front of Bullfinch's loose box, and all the stable-men had come out of their various holes, and were standing about.

Bates looked grave and indignant.

"There isn't a finer horse in the county," he muttered; "it's a shame to send him out of it."

Vixen walked straight up to the strange men, who touched their caps, and looked at her admiringly; her dark blue cloth dress fitted her like a riding-habit, her long white throat was bare, her linen collar tied loosely with a black ribbon, her chestnut hair wound into a crown of plaits at the top of her head. The severe simplicity of her dress set off her fresh young beauty.

"She's the prettiest chestnut filly I've seen for a long time," one of the grooms said of her afterward. "Thorough-bred to the tips of her ears."

"Who has bought the horse?" she asked, authoritatively.

"My master, Lord Mallow, miss," answered the superior of the men. "You needn't be anxious about him; he'll have a rare good home."

"Will you let me see the order for taking him away?"

"Your groom has got it, miss."

Bates showed her a sheet of paper on which Captain Carmichael had written:

"TROSSACHS HOTEL, *September* 1, 1870.

"The bay horse Bullfinch is to be delivered, with clothing, etc., to Lord Mallow's groom.

"C. CARMICHAEL."

Vixen perused this paper with a countenance full of suppressed rage.

"Does your master give much money for this horse?" she asked, turning to the strange groom.

"I haven't heard how much, miss." Of course the man knew the sum to a penny. "But I believe it's a tidyish lot."

"I don't suppose I have as much money in the world," said Vixen, "or I'd buy my father's horse of Captain Carmichael, since he is so badly in want of money, and keep him at a farm."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the groom, "but the hoss is sold. My master has paid his money. He is a friend of Captain Carmichael's. They met somewhere in Scotland the other day, and my lord bought the hoss on hearsay; and I must say I don't think he'll be disappointed in him."

"Where are you going to take him?"

"Well, it's rather an awkward journey across country. We're going to Melton. My lord is going to hunt the hoss in October, if he turns out to my lord's satisfaction."

"You are going to take him by rail?"

"Yes, miss."

"He has never been by rail in his life. It will kill him," cried Vixen, alarmed.

"Oh no, it won't, miss. Don't be frightened about him. We shall have a padded box, and every thing tip-top. He'll be as snug and as tight as a sardine in its case. We'll get him to Leicestershire as fresh as paint."

Vixen went into the loose box where Bullfinch, all unconscious of his fate, was idly munching a mouthful of upland meadow hay. She pulled down his noble head and laid her cheek against his broad forehead, and let her tears rain on him unheeded. There was no one to see her in that dusky loose box. The grooms were clustered at the stable door, talking together. She was free to linger over her parting with the horse that her father had loved. She wound her arms about his arched neck, and let him lick her hand.

"Oh, Bullfinch, have you a memory? Will you be sorry to find yourself in a strange stable?" she asked, looking into the animal's full soft eyes with a pathetic earnestness in her own.

She dried her tears presently; she was not going to make herself a spectacle for the scornful pity of stable-men. She came out of the loose box with a serene countenance, and went up to Lord Mallow's groom. "Please be kind to him," she said, dropping a sovereign into the man's ready hand.

"No fear of that, miss," he said. "There are very few Christians that have as good a time of it as our 'osses."

That sovereign, taken in conjunction with the donor's beauty, quite vanquished Lord Mallow's stud groom, and very nearly bought Violet Tempest a coronet.

Bullfinch was led out presently, looking like a king; but Violet did not stop to see him go away. She could hardly have borne that. She ran back to the house, put on her hat and jacket, called Argus, and set out for a long ramble, to walk down, if possible, the angry devil within her.

No, this she would never forgive—this sale of her father's favorite horse. It was as if some creature of her own flesh and blood had been sold into slavery. Her mother was rich, would squander hundreds on fine dresses, and would allow her dead husband's horse to be sold!

"Is Captain Carmichael such a tyrant that mamma can not prevent this shameful thing?" she asked herself. "She talks about his attention, his devotion, as if he were at her feet, and yet she suffers him to disgrace her by this unparalleled meanness!"

[to be continued.]

THE MYSTERY OF AFRICA.

Mr. Stanley's successful exploration of the great African river has revealed almost the last secret of the mystery of ages. It is only within the last twenty years that civilized nations have been able to form any clear notion of the interior of the vast continent of the black races. No one knew whence came the rivers that on either side made their way to the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean; no civilized eye had rested upon the lofty peaks of the table-land in whose bosom lie the deep chasms that have held the African lakes hidden to all the past. The sources of the Nile, the growth of Egypt, its offspring, and the earliest scene of mental progress, the annual overflow, the boundless fertility that follows it, had touched the curiosity of ancient travellers. The question was debated at Rome and Athens whence came these wonderful waters. It was decided almost with correctness. Strabo, in the age of Virgil, points out the annual rains of the interior as the cause of the overflow, and hints at the existence of the African table-land. But the suggestion was lost or neglected. The Nile was the mystery of the Middle Ages. Rome, Carthage, even the Arabs, seem to have known nothing of the immense population that existed beyond the desert, the vast lakes shut in on all sides but one by a frowning barrier of mountains, the mighty streams that broke from the everlasting hills, the Congo sweeping through forest and jungle thousands of miles to the Atlantic, the White Nile carrying the waters of the Victoria Nyanza to the port of Alexandria, or even the rivers that fall into the Indian Ocean.

The Nile was the first pathway of the discoverers, but failed to lead to any clear knowledge of the interior. Nearly fifteen hundred miles from its mouth is Khartoom, where the river divides into two affluents that come from the heart of the continent—one is the White Nile, the other the Blue. The Blue is a bright, clear, rapid stream leading into Abyssinia. At Khartoom it has a swift, brilliant flow. It seems the real continuation of the Nile; and Bruce in the last century passed up its fertile valley, discovered Lake Dembea at its source, and fancied he had reached the famous spring-head of the Egyptian river. He claimed to be the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, and was mistaken. But the White Nile, the other branch, was long neglected. It is a slow, sluggish stream, hidden at its mouth by an island, its depth and volume scarcely to be discerned until one embarks upon its waters. Bruce neglected it. It was not until 1827 that a French traveller, M. Linant, visited it, explored its shores for some hundred miles, and brought it to the notice of the Egyptians. From that time it grew rapidly to be a great pathway for the traffic in slaves, ivory; its shores were found to be populous and prosperous; the Egyptian traders covered, ravaged them with the horrors of the slave-trade, and fixed its seat at Gondokoro. Here the exploration of the White Nile ceased. No one was able to pass far onward to the vast hills of Africa, its unrivalled lakes; and four hundred miles from Victoria Nyanza the progress of discovery was checked. So short was the distance that separated modern curiosity from the revelation of the geographical mystery, yet its hopes seemed vain; the wilds, the savages, the cruelty of the Turks, the fierce hatred of the natives, had apparently shut the gates of the interior to European science.

From the discoveries of Stanley, Speke, Livingstone, Schweinfurth, Burton, it appears that in the heart of the continent an immense group of mountains, elevated plains, walls of rock inclosing inland seas—a country where the heavy annual rains fill all the soil with water, all the chasms in the rocks with lakes—compose a singular territory, the chief source of the fertility of Africa. It is a mysterious, unknown land, that had escaped for ages the scrutiny of civilization, and even a few years ago was never dreamed of by geographer or poet. Its people are black, savage, ignorant, yet formed into despotic monarchies not unlike that of Louis XIV. or Napoleon, at least in degree. The Emperor of Uganda is the state, the law; his nobility his cooks and barbers; they grovel on the ground before him, whine, make strange noises. He cut off his subjects' heads for pastime, enforced upon them all an attention to dress, form, obedience, ceremonial, that strongly recalls the usages of Versailles. His thousands of wives lived in comparative splendor; but the carrion crows hovered perpetually around the palace of the king, never disappointed of their prey: an execution took place every day. Schweinfurth has a still more remarkable picture of an African prince. It is a cannibal, the lord of many lands, who feeds each day on human food. He has immense palaces of wood, lofty halls. He sometimes dances in the midst of his wives and courtiers alone. On his head is the skin of a black baboon, over it a plume of feathers; he was adorned with the claws and tails of animals, danced with furious gestures for hours. He was tall, slightly formed, yet powerful, we are told, of immense strength; with a European nose, but, as one might suppose, no pleasing expression. One who feeds on human flesh could hardly look candid and complacent, however sincere. But the most remarkable trait of this singular region is that it should so long have remained unknown and unexplored. About thirty years ago the report of two Protestant missionaries (1849) opened a new path to the heart of Africa. They had settled on the coast near Zanzibar, and made their way into the interior. They brought back a report of high table-lands, of mountains covered with snow, of vast lakes; and to Messrs. Rebmann and Krapf we owe the first step in the discovery of the mystery of the continent. The attempt to reach the sources of the Nile from Gondokoro was apparently abandoned; all future travellers would start from the eastern coast, and follow the path so natural, yet so long concealed. It is difficult to see, now that the way is pointed out, why no European had before attempted to ascend the slowly rising country from the coast, why the Portuguese had never explored it, or the Arabs, the Egyptians, and Abyssinians. When once the discovery of the missionaries had been made public, the great lakes and mountains of Africa filled the fancy of the adventurous; the heroes of travel turned their attention to the new problem; it was soon solved.

In 1857–59 Burton and Speke made their way from Zanzibar to the rising land. Burton fell ill; Speke went on alone, and reached the shores of an immense inland sea, said to be four hundred miles in length—it is really two hundred—the Victoria Nyanza. He had found the source of the Nile, for from this great ravine or cleft in the rock flows down the sluggish waters of the White Nile, to mingle at Khartoom with the father of rivers. He had reached a point about five hundred miles above Gondokoro when he was forced to return. Once more, in 1860, Speke set out with his friend Captain Grant from Zanzibar to complete his discoveries, and prove, what he had already fancied, that he had solved the problem of ages. It was a difficult but not unprecedented journey, not so remarkable as Stanley's, not so painful as an arctic voyage. The two friends reached Kazeh in October, 1861, plunged into the wilderness, and were lost to sight. They remained hidden for more than a year. No civilized eye watched them as they slowly made their way through robbers, savages, disease, impending death, the native tyrants, the horrors of the waste; no friendly hand was near, except among the natives. But here they were evidently disappointed or overjoyed to find that men have human hearts even in the wilds of Africa. On the fair uplands of Karagwé they met with a liberal king, a fine country, hills covered with cattle, a delightful region sloping down to the lake. The next king they met with was Mtesa of Uganda; it was at his court on the upper shore of the Victoria Nyanza that they saw the refinements of African courtesy, the peculiar parody on the despotisms of Asia and Europe. Mtesa, king of the lakes, had made all his people neat in their dress of bark cloth, their robes of antelope skin; they were quick and lively in their movements, at the peril of their lives. They grovelled on the earth, whined like happy dogs when their master awarded them a present or a whipping. Mtesa was a young man of twenty-five. He was fond of yachting, sport, and even used, we are told, a handkerchief—was very neat. Speke became his friend, and, unlike some Americans at European courts, refused to grovel, whine, even stand in the sun before the royal despot, and was excused. But the most wonderful of all the objects they saw in the new land was the magnificent Nyanza, whence flows the broad current of the Upper Nile. The lake is 3740 feet above the level of the sea. It lies in a vast rift or chasm several hundreds of miles long, shut in by mountains. Yet its sides are low, marshy, covered with reeds, its form that of a boy's top, the sharp end pointing nearly directly south. The climate is fine and healthful, the views often soft and graceful, sometimes awful, grand; the land is fertile, and a busy population might some day gather around this mighty lake. It is only a few hundred miles from the Indian Ocean, and a railroad may at no distant period connect the head of the Nile with the harbors of Zanzibar.

Soon Speke was anxious to press on to the haunts of civilization, the bearer of extraordinary news. He passed, after a long delay, down the fair waters of the White Nile, left it to cross the country to Gondokoro, was met there with wild, joyful surprise by Baker (1863). His wonderful discovery filled the world with curiosity and delight; yet it should be remembered to their honor that it was the two modest missionaries who first saw "the silver-crowned summits" of the heart of Africa. Since 1863 the path to Uganda has become familiar to Christian and Arab, the slave-trader, the explorer; Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, added to the progress of knowledge. The chain of lakes was defined, the table-lands described: the sources of the Nile are as well known at last as those of the Hudson.

Yet one question remained, perhaps the most important of all: Did any great river flow from the central lakes into the Atlantic? To decide it Stanley threw himself into the wildest haunts of the negro, the unknown centre of the continent, sailed down the mighty Congo, discovered another Mississippi, gave it to mankind. It seems the last great achievement in exploration. There is nothing left to rival it. No other river remains to be discovered. The earth is exhausted. The heroes of travel must sigh for new worlds of wonder. It is impossible to say what may be the future history of these immense outlets of traffic and travel, these mighty rivers that nearly meet in the lakes of Middle Africa; of the fair and fertile region so recently discovered, so well suited to the wants of man. Imagination may paint the Congo and the White Nile converted into scenes of busy trade, their banks lined with villages, their sources joined by canals, their cities splendid, their people content. Yet it is doubtful if any age can show a more perfect solution of a great problem. One regrets that the mystery of Africa exists no more.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the many volumes published within the past twenty-five years by the United States government to illustrate geological and other explorations, there are none which exceed in typographical beauty and general execution the quarto upon the systematic geology of the fortieth parallel, by Mr. Clarence King, the geologist in charge of the survey. This work was commenced by Mr. King in 1867, and has thus occupied eleven years in the prosecution. Although marked Vol. I., this is the last, and contains the summary of the general results of the remaining five. The volume embraces over 800 pages, printed in the admirable typography of the best work of the government printing-office, and is illustrated by twenty-eight plates, and twelve analytical geological maps, all of admirable execution. The value of the work in a scientific point of view is shown by the fact that it is the crowning labor of the author. For an analysis of this volume reference must be had to the *American Journal of Science*, the *American Naturalist*, and other special serials.

We have already referred on several occasions to the excellent plan adopted by the Zoological Society of the Netherlands for carrying on deep-sea research by means of a portable laboratory which can be readily moved from place to place, and set up so as to furnish the necessary facilities to investigators. During the summer of 1878 the station was on the island of Terschelling, in the Zuyder-Zee, and during the two months it was in operation it was visited by a number of specialists.

During the past summer discoveries of a very interesting series of fossil forests were made by William H. Holmes, of the Hayden Geologic Survey. The fact of the occurrence of abundant fossil wood, and in some places of fossil trunks *in situ*, had been noted by former visitors to the Yellowstone Park, but nothing had been learned of the manner in which the forests had been preserved, neither had their great extent been suspected.

It is found that an extensive series of forests has been buried in the sedimentary formations of the volcanic tertiary, especially in the region drained by the East Fork of the Yellowstone. From the bottom to the top of the highest cliffs rows of upright trunks may be seen, weathered out and ranged along the ledges like the columns of a temple.

Throughout a long period of subsidence a constant alternation of land and sea seems to have been kept up by the irregular deposition of fragmentary volcanic products, so that numberless forests grew and sank, one after another, beneath the sea. Fully 4000 feet of the tree-bearing strata were formed before the final upward movement began. These same strata now cap some of the highest ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and cover an area of upward of 10,000 square miles. The silicified trunks are in many cases from twenty to thirty feet high, and fairly rival the giant trees of California in dimensions.

We have already referred to the discovery by Captain Johannesen of a new island in the Arctic Ocean. Few persons engaged in the commercial marine have made as many important observations and discoveries as Captain Johannesen in the course of his various trips to the polar seas in search of the walrus. He reports that during his cruise in 1878 the sea north of Nova Zembla and the Kara Sea were remarkably free from ice, in consequence of the constant southwest winds, and that the boundary of the firm ice must have been very far north. With a steamer he thinks he might have been able to penetrate further north than Franz Joseph Land.

The expedition organized by the committee of the African Exploration Fund, under Mr. A. Keith Johnston, of which we have already made mention, left England in the early part of November, with the special object of exploring the country between the eastern coast of Africa and the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Mr. Johnston is accompanied by Mr. J. Thomson, a young geologist and naturalist. The expedition will start from a point twenty-five miles south of Zanzibar, and proceed to the above-named place on Lake Nyassa, a distance of 350 miles, and then will undertake the examination of a mountain range said to be 15,000 feet in height to the northeast of the lake. After this is completed, should the resources permit, a region 190 miles in width, between Lake Nyassa and the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, will be explored.

The Royal Geographical Society is about publishing a new monthly series, under the title of Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, the first number to appear in January, 1879.

Mr. Poliakoff, an eminent Russian investigator, has lately found in Russia rough stone implements of the paleolithic period, and so mixed with the bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, and fossil ox as to prove without doubt the coexistence of man with these extinct mammals.

An interesting addition to the collections of the National Museum in Washington consists of a large specimen of the spiny shark (*Echinorhinus spinosus*), belonging to a family, genus, and species hitherto unknown in North America. It was obtained by Mr. E. E. Small, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, from Mr. Abbott, who had found it stranded on the shores of Cape Cod. The specimen is about eight feet in length, and is unusually stout in proportion, and, as a special peculiarity, is covered with spinous points, each resting on a plate inserted in the skin, something like the scales of the sturgeon.

A mould has been taken of the specimen, and a cast will be made in papier-maché, and added to the already very complete collection of models of American fishes in the National Museum. This fish is but little known, a few specimens only having been recorded as occurring on the coast of Europe. It is said, however, to be more abundant about the Cape of Good Hope.

Professor J. D. Carns, in a recent number of the *Zoologischer Anzeiger*, announces the fact of his having engaged in the preparation of a great work upon the cephalopods, or cuttle-fish family, and is very desirous of an opportunity of studying and comparing the Northern species, especially the *coligo*, the *sepia*, *sepita*, and *rossia*, most of which genera are known to occur off the coast of the United States. The eminence of Professor Carns as a naturalist is a guarantee on the subject of the use he will make of material of this kind submitted to his criticism.

Professor Leith Adams has succeeded Professor Harkness in the chair of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, leaving the Royal College of Science at Dublin for that purpose. This announcement is of some interest in this country, as Professor Adams was stationed for many years in New Brunswick, as surgeon in the British army, where he collected materials for an attractive volume, entitled *Field and Forest Rambles*, containing a great deal of information in regard to the wild animals of the Northern States and the British Provinces.

An earnest appeal is made for assistance to the fishermen of Heligoland, that curious little British island off the German coast, which suffered very severely by a storm on the 15th of November last, resulting in the loss of about fifteen boats, and a portion of the crews.

We have briefly referred to a telegram received from Professor Nordenskjöld announcing his arrival at the mouth of the Lena on the 27th of August, and fuller details of the same date by letter addressed to Mr. Oscar Dickson, the patron of the expedition. The *Vega*—Professor Nordenskjöld's vessel—left Dickson Harbor, at the mouth of the Yenisei, on the 10th of August, and reached Actinia Harbor, situated in a sound between Taimyr Island and the mainland, on the 14th, where they remained several days. An immense variety of interesting marine invertebrates was taken by the dredge and trawl, although the higher forms of life were very rare, only the snow-bunting, a few waders, and two or three species of geese being at all conspicuous.

Cape Chelyuskin was reached on the 19th, and on the 20th the route east by south was found impracticable on account of drift ice; but the ice-field was escaped by sailing to the northwest, and land was sighted, which was found to be the northeastern extremity of the eastern Taimyr peninsula. The sea was completely free of ice, and a great variety of animal life was again met with, among them several forms of crinoids. The voyage being continued, on the 24th of August land was again seen, which proved to be an island near the mouth of the river Katanga, whence the party proceeded to the mouth of the Lena, since which nothing has been heard from Professor Nordenskjöld, excepting a vague rumor brought by some whalers from Siberia to the effect that a large ship had been seen floating in the ice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young man from the country was in town the other day, and entered a photograph gallery to have his picture taken. After seating him, the operator told him to assume a pleased expression. "Think of something cheerful," he said; "think of your girl." A terrible scowl took possession of the young man's face, and jumping up, he exclaimed: "Think of the deuce! She went home with another fellow last night, and she can go to thunder, for me!"

The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room, that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd calls upon a poor minister and eats him out of house and home, that's called a donation party.

No one need get discouraged if he only remembers that he will always be worth $25 anyway—to medical students.

A hard Thing to sharpen—The water's edge.

An Irish agent having been instructed to raise rents, called a meeting of the tenants and apprised them of the intention. "You can afford it," said he: "see how prices have risen." Silence was broken by an old farmer, who said, "Yes; there is no denying on that. It used to cost a pound to get an agent shot, and now, be jabers, it can't be done under two." The rents have not yet been raised.

"Yes," said a young lady, who was possessed of a fine voice, "I am often asked to appear in public, but—" "But what?" observed a friend. "Well," she replied, "I should never be able to sustain my part, I am so easily decomposed."

A young man with his first goatee may be said to have a tuft time of it.

Why is a lazy man like a magician?—Because he works by spells.

Out of his Depths.—"Some things," said an excited politician, "can be foreseen and foretold; and I now foresee and I will now foretell that the day will soon come when our liberties will be no more. This is as certain, my fellow-citizens, and it is as sure as that Romeo founded Rome."

A prima donna is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring.

When does rain become too familiar with a lady?—When it begins to patter on her back.

Neal Dow, the great temperance reformer of Maine, had a narrow escape the other day. For a whole generation he has been regarded as a consistent teetotaler. But a tramp solemnly swore that he and Neal Dow stood at the same counter and imbibed brandy and water. Things looked a little serious for a while, and the temperance folk in that far-off region felt that even the greatest of us will once in a while have a fall. The tramp, however, on cross-examination, explained that he drank the brandy and Neal Dow the water, and the whole State of Maine breathed freely once more.

THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

THE horrible scenes enacted during the French Revolution ought surely to serve for all time as a warning of what the consequences may be of an attempt to right social and political wrongs by a violent overthrow of existing institutions. The watchwords of the men that inaugurated the Reign of Terror, made Paris a slaughter-house, and filled her streets with the best blood of France, were the same that animated our forefathers in their glorious struggle for independence: but whereas with them freedom and equality meant also wisdom and self-control, with the maddened populace of Paris liberty was license to destroy, and equality a general reduction of all to one degraded level. The nation had been outraged by its rulers, and vengeance was meted out by the guillotine. Rank and aristocracy had brought with them oppression and indignity, and a remedy must be found in a general annihilation of all such evil agencies. Thus a general levelling process was inaugurated; but those who began it were blind to the fact that, although society may be brought to a dead level, it can not be kept so; that it can not exist but with officers and leaders; that, to quote the simile of one of our own historians, "a ship's crew may mutiny and kill every officer on board; it may for a time enjoy absolute equality of rank and influence; but the moment there is an attempt made to move the vessel, equality vanishes—somebody must decide what shall be done, and that very fact raises somebody to distinction."

At present there is, if we may trust appearances, but little left in our own country of the violent and Communistic spirit that two summers ago destroyed property and threatened the lives of many honest and industrious citizens; but while Nihilism is spreading itself throughout Russia, German Socialism aims two shots at the hoary head of a benign and amiable emperor; and the industrial population of England marches in armies to demand relief from capitalists, we shall not spend our time amiss in recalling—apropos of the heart-rending picture before us—some of the incidents of that awful period when France was subjected to the rule of an infuriated mob, which finally learned to slaughter with equal gusto the obnoxious aristocrat and its own most popular leaders.

The scene in our engraving has to do only with the loss of one valued life; but the frowning walls of the great French prison-house recall the awful time when thousands of the same class were ruthlessly murdered in the prisons of Paris, the terrific days for which history finds no parallel, and which figure in the records of the French Revolution as the "massacres of September." It was at this time that the rage of the mob against their rulers and the whole hated aristocracy culminated. But a few weeks before the king had been driven from his palace to seek a treacherous shelter among the members of the so-called National Assembly, and since then the emissaries of that body had filled the prisons of the capital with thousands of innocent persons, whom they branded with the name of "conspirators." To dispose of these, helpless and confined as they were, was a simple matter in the minds of men like DANTON and his confrères. It needed but the frenzied co-operation of a few mad associates athirst for blood, and the work was soon planned. At three o'clock in the morning, on a brilliant Sunday in autumn, a band of three hundred hired assassins, accompanied by a frantic mob, entered the prisons and began the work of death. In the yard of the first prison twenty-four priests were hewn in pieces because they refused to take the revolutionary oath. In some instances the assassins, stained with gore, established tribunals, and a few minutes, often a few seconds, disposed of the fate of an individual. The massacres continued from the 2d to the 6th of September, and during this period more than five thousand persons perished in the different prisons of Paris.

There is no attempt at concealment made anywhere of the fact that these helpless men and women were put to death by public authority, no suggestion that these deeds of horror were the blind, senseless ebullition of the cowardly cruelty of a few savage miscreants starting out from amid the low populace of Paris. As if to finish the disgrace of the French nation, and to show the character of the instigators of these enormities, there actually appears among the common documents of history a circular address of the 3d of September, which was countersigned by DANTON, then executive Minister of Justice, and by the members of the Committee of Public Safety, by DUPLAINE, MARAT, and others, to the number of six, and sent out to all the departments of the kingdom, and which concludes in the following manner: "Aware that a horde of barbarians are advancing against us, the Commune of Paris hasten to inform their brothers of all the departments that a number of ferocious conspirators confined in the prisons have been put to death by the people—an act of justice which appeared to them indispensable—to restrain by terror those legions of traitors lurking within the walls at the moment the citizens were going to march against the enemy; and no doubt the whole nation, after the long series of treasons which have led them to the abyss, will be glad to adopt these means, so useful and so necessary, and all the French will cry, like the Parisians, 'Let us march against the enemy, but do not le [illegible] leave brigands to cut the th [illegible] of ou dren.'" In this way [illegible] spiracy Men who had been [illegible] ged to start up from their d [illegible] ons wi hands, and destroy th [illegible] es and who had left Paris to [illegible] unter

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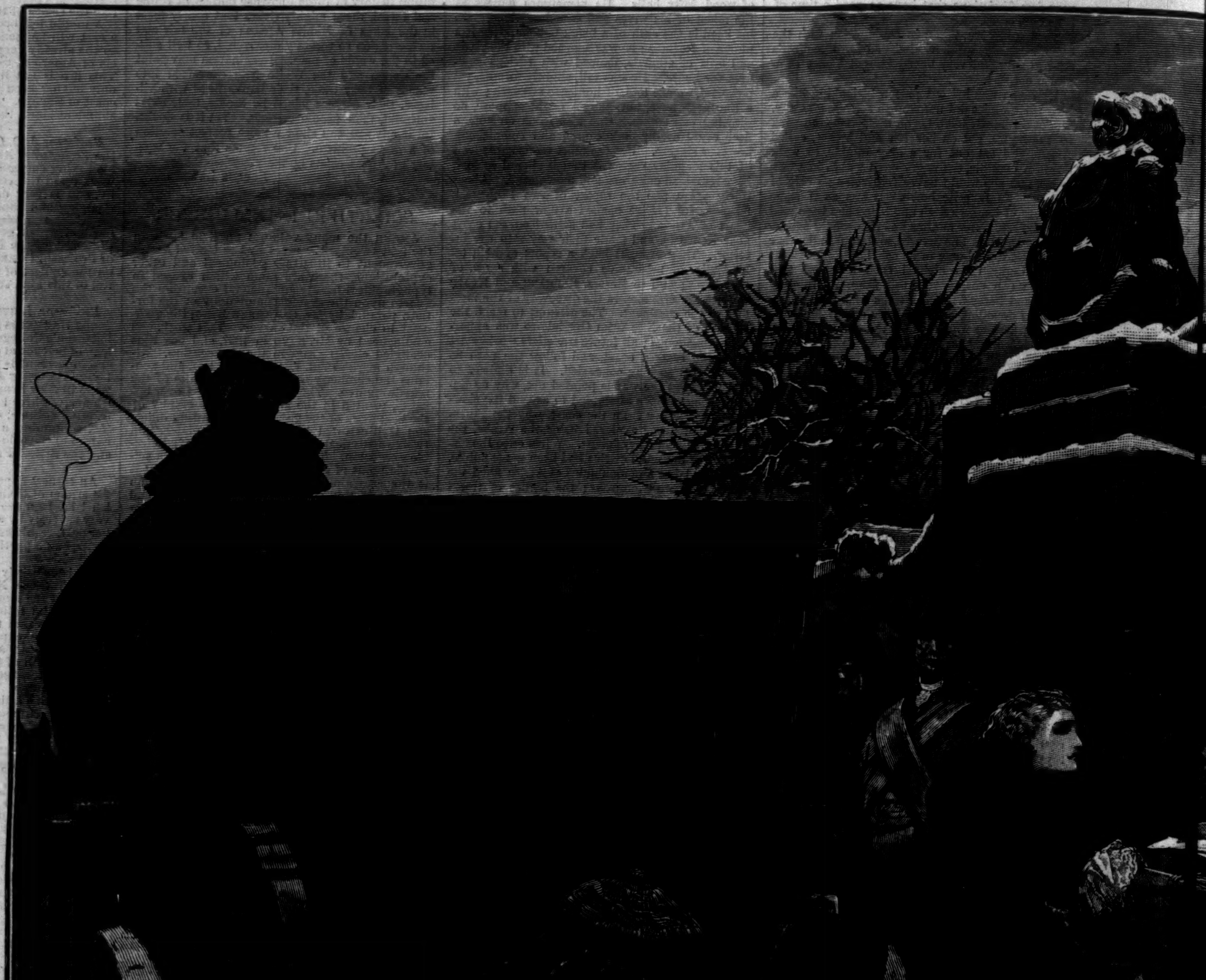
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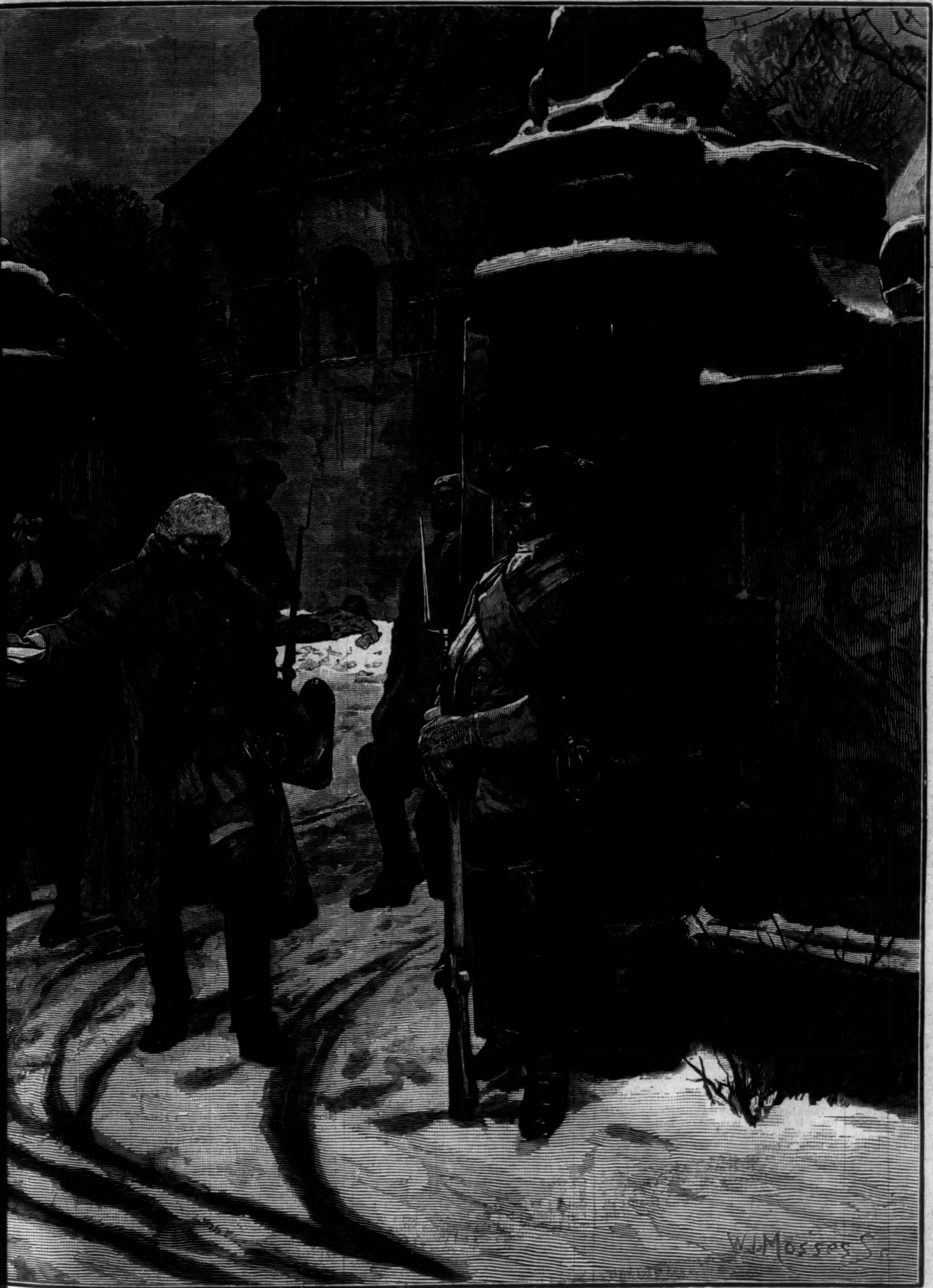
"TOO LATE!"—[R. C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thousands of their fellow-citizens; but there is abundant evidence to prove that it was done. Among the records of the Revolution there is a series of memoirs printed by the **BAUDOUIN** frères, of Paris, one of which is dedicated to this particular subject—the "days of September." At the end of it there occurs a statement of the sums disbursed by the treasurer of the Commune for expenses, where, disguised under different pretenses and phrases, the fact shows clearly out that the whole of this horrible massacre was systematically arranged and paid for. On one page it is ordered that 1463 livres should be advanced to —— "to pay those who were working to preserve the salubrity of the air" (this is the phrase used) on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of September, and also those who "presided at those dangerous operations, according to the memoir annexed." "Travailleurs" (workers) was the cant phrase to describe the assassins during these days of massacre. Women were seen bringing dinners to their husbands who were "at work" in the prisons of Paris. In other articles of the account there are regular sums charged for carriages to carry away the dead bodies, quicklime, etc., with which to bury them. These with other entries show that the whole was systematically arranged—assassins hired, carts provided, preparations of every kind made for the disposal of the dead bodies. "Never," writes the English historian **WILLIAM SMYTH**, "was such a ledger of horrors!"

CARLYLE says of the history of this period that it is "written in hysterics;" but if this is true of the calmer record of the historian, what may we not expect from the testimony of those who were eye-witnesses of these terrific events, and who survived to tell the story with their pens? In the same publication from which we have just quoted are to be found three memoirs from different individuals who were in the hands of these ruffians for a considerable time, but who in the event were not massacred. From their records we can select but a few extracts, but these will be in themselves a sufficient description of what was seen and felt by many delicately reared and sensitive men and women during this hideous period. The first memoir is from M. **DE ST. MEARD**. He was a royalist, was arrested on the 22d of August, and conducted to the Abbaye Prison. Here he remained during the "days of September," and the following is the description of the agonies endured by him and his fellow-prisoners during the night of the 2d of that awful month:

"About midnight the agitation of the people augmented every moment, and was at its height when they came for M. **DE FONTAINE**, of the body-guards, and we soon after heard his cries of death. Soon after they dragged two more of our companions from us, and I saw that my hour was fast approaching. At last, at one in the morning of the Tuesday, after an agony of thirty-seven hours, to which no death can be compared, and after having a thousand times drunk to the dregs the cup of bitterness, the doors of my prison opened. I was called for; I appeared, was seized upon by three men, and dragged through the dreadful wicket. By the light of two torches I perceived the dreadful tribunal upon which life and death were now to depend. The president, in a gray coat, his sabre at his side, was resting against a table, on which were papers, a writing-desk, pipes, and some bottles. The table was surrounded by ten persons, sitting down or standing; two were in a sort of jacket or apron; others were stretched out and sleeping upon the benches. Two men in shirts all stained with blood, sabres in hand, guarded the door of the wicket. An old turnkey had his hands on the bolts. In the presence of the president, three men had their hold upon a prisoner, who appeared about sixty. They put me aside, while two national guards presented to the president a paper from the section of Croix Rouge, claiming the prisoner. 'It is in vain,' said the president, 'these demands for people who are traitors.' 'This is frightful,' cried the prisoner; 'your judgment is an assassination.' 'I have washed my hands of it,' said the president. 'Conduct M. **MAILLI**.' The words were scarcely pronounced when they pushed him into the street, and through the opening of the door I saw him massacred." M. **DE ST. MEARD** then gives the particulars of his own trial, wherein he saved himself by his courage and presence of mind. The next day he says he took a walk in one of the public streets. He saw some rub their eyes to make out whether it was he; he saw others start back as if they had seen a spectre; others ran up and embraced him, even those with whom he was not acquainted.

The next narrative is by Madame **DE FAUSSE-LEUDRY**, but it is told at too great a length to make quotation possible. This lady was the niece of the Abbé **DE RESTIGNAC**, who had been to her a second father. At the time when he was dragged to prison as a conspirator against the Commune, the aged ecclesiastic was so infirm that he ordinarily kept his bed, being unable to walk. He was, however, taken to the Abbaye, and although warned repeatedly that the prisons were not safe, his devoted niece was determined to share his imprisonment. Finally they were separated, but such information was given her that she was led to believe the helpless sufferer in good hands and safe. She was then brought to her own trial, and was dismissed by the president of the tribunal. "You are free, madame, and may go out." "Do not go out," said one of the judges; "this is not a good opportunity." The poor lady was, however, all impatience to rejoin her uncle, and some ruffians near encouraged her to make the attempt. Had she left the court-room she would have been massacred, and this might have occurred had it not been for the interference of M. Pochet, one of the few humane men who still preserved some respect for human life. He procured a regular order from the president, and conducted the lady through the fatal court-yard—where she had to step through the blood and over the limbs of those who had been slaughtered—and brought her safe, supported by himself and a friend, to the bosom of his own family. Here she was implored to remain and find an asylum, for, as she was told with all gentleness, no other remained to her: her uncle had been massacred!

These stories are told by the sufferers themselves, but from another record of these horrible September massacres we cull a story which shows the treatment received by women whose tortures ended in death. The Princess Lamballe, the intimate friend and attendant of the royal family, was first arrested and then brought before the tribunal established in each prison, where, when she saw herself surrounded by men whose faces, clothes, and weapons were covered with blood, she sank into a swoon. When at length she recovered, her judges asked her if she knew any thing of the plots at the court on the terrible 10th of August, the day when Louis XVI. and his family were driven from the palace by an infuriated mob, and forced to take refuge in the hall of the National Assembly. "I am ignorant," she replied, "whether there were any; I am sure I know of none." She was then told to swear liberty and equality, and hatred to the king and queen and royalty. "I will readily swear the first two," she said, "but I can not swear the last; it is not in my heart." "Swear," whispered a by-stander; "you are dead if you do not." She made no reply, but, covering her face with her hands, made a step toward the gate. She had scarcely passed the threshold when she was struck by a sabre. A second swoon followed, when she was seized by ruffians, dragged over the dead bodies, and massacred. Barbarities followed that it is impossible to describe. As a last act of infuriated malignity, her head was brought on a pike to the windows of the Temple, that the royal prisoners there might see in the instance of this unoffending lady how fatal was the distinction of having been the ornament of their court and the associate of their domestic pleasures.

Such are some of the incidents connected with the prison massacres of the "days of September." Such was France under the Commune of 1792—a body that attempted to right abuses by overthrowing the authority of law, annihilating the rights of property, and substituting a uniform democratic equality for the hated ascendency of rank, wealth, and intelligence. Thus, in the name of a false liberty, liberty itself was rendered impossible, and in the name of humanity the earth was strewn with ruin and with blood. As Carlyle cries, in his wild and gleaming record of those fearful days, "Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality—'if God restrained not,' as is well said—does the purest of us walk." Certainly one such lesson in the history of the world is enough to show that no good thing can obtain, no happiness exist, when the fundamental conditions of social order are shaken, when men have ceased to obey and trust one another, when class is arrayed against class with all the bitterness of hostile castes, when faith in the common interests of a nation has disappeared, and when the rights of labor are urged against those of capital by the voice of ignorant frenzy and fanaticism.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

London, *December* 21, 1878.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The death of Bayard Taylor has caused a profound and painful sensation in England. He enjoyed a very high reputation here, and had many personal friends in London. His appointment as minister to Berlin had reflected honor on the Administration of President Hayes, and when he paused in London for a day or two on the way to Berlin there were strong efforts to detain him, and he was compelled to refuse many offers of hospitality. I had the pleasure of being present at an interview which then occurred between Bayard Taylor and Carlyle. The veteran author of Chelsea was almost tender toward the minister whom he found cherishing the purpose of writing a biography of Goethe—a work which Carlyle believed to be much needed. He discussed at length all the knotty points of Goethe's career, and gave Taylor many hints of value. In this he was only doing what the Goetheans of Germany had already done, and have been doing since; for it had been generally conceded that Bayard Taylor was the fittest man living to tell the true story of Goethe's life, and facts never published were pouring in on him when his life was cut short. There is a keen desire here to know in what state his important materials have been left, and much sorrow is felt that he could not live to complete it. The *Life of Goethe* by the late G. H. Lewes has never been regarded as satisfactory by those who have studied the subject most thoroughly. But the deaths of both Lewes and Taylor, such admirable interpreters of the best German thought and literature, are indeed heavy calamities to occur at one time.

I shall never forget the solemnity with which Carlyle bade adieu to Bayard Taylor. With an evident feeling that his own life must soon terminate, he repeated Goethe's ode:

"The future hides in it gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it daunting us,
Onward!"

His voice trembled a little when he came to the lines:

"Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent."

Then Bayard Taylor took up the strain, and in warm, earnest tones repeated the remaining verses in his perfect German. Carlyle seemed deeply moved. As we left he took Taylor's hand and said, "I hope you will do your best at Berlin to save us from further war in Europe." (It was just then that the danger of war between England and Russia seemed imminent.)

When Carlyle was first introduced to Bayard Taylor it was with the announcement that he, Taylor, was writing a life of Goethe. The old man's experience of literary ambitions among men of a younger generation than his own made him a little retractile at first, and he said: "But are there not already lives of Goethe? There is Blank's *Life of Goethe*; what fault have you to find with that?" Bayard smiled at the transparent trap, and began showing the errors of the biography mentioned, with such knowledge and cogency that Carlyle broke out into his ringing laugh, and said, "I couldn't read it through," meaning the work concerning which he had just challenged Taylor. His cordiality from that moment showed his full recognition of the man before him.

When Bayard Taylor was last here I had the pleasure of bringing him into acquaintance with Max Müller, who was just then delivering his Hibbert Lectures at Westminster Abbey. The two first met at dinner, and struck up a friendship almost hungrily. They talked away briskly while others listened, now rolling out German and now English, equally fluent in the two languages, and when they parted it was with a promise exacted by the professor that Bayard should visit him at Oxford. Bayard said afterward that after meeting Max Müller he understood the secret of the value he had derived from the professor's works in his own poetic studies: "it is the *humanity* underlying his scholarship." The proposed visit to Oxford could not take place at that time. Instead of it Bayard wrote a cordial letter to Max Müller, which the latter has just shown me, in which he assured him that in the coming season he would certainly visit London and attend the commemoration at Oxford. Alas that such a fair prospect should now be forever faded! I have to day a letter from Max Müller in which he speaks of the pleasure with which he had sent Taylor his new volume, as "one of those few for whom they [the lectures] were more especially written, and whose approval would have been a real reward." He speaks with warm appreciation of our "great countryman," and with profound sorrow concerning his death.

That death, indeed, must seem terrible to those who remember the happiness which immediately preceded it. The appointment to Berlin seemed the culmination of as brave and busy a life as has been lived in our time. Bayard Taylor was once walking along a street in London with Thackeray, his warm friend, and they stepped into the atelier of Baron Marochetti to see a little group of sculpture which the artist had desired Thackeray to inspect. It was a hero slaying a dragon. As they left the room Thackeray said to Bayard, "Every man has his dragon. I have mine. What is yours?" Taylor replied, instantly, "I have two—Luxury and Indolence." Thackeray remarked, "Now that's curious, for those are just the same as mine." The world may well wish there were more dragons, if it could be sure they would be as bravely slain as they had been by those two men. With the finest artistic sense and feeling, with a delight in every oasis of leisure which offered a little repose along his life pilgrimage, Bayard Taylor did such vast and various service to the culture of his time that, as the *Daily News* well remarks, the world will be astonished to learn that he reached only fifty-three years.

He told me when he was here that what pleased him most about his appointment was that he had not asked for it, nor had his friends used any private influence to obtain it. President Hayes sent for him, and said that from the moment that the office became vacant he had felt that he, Taylor, was the right man for it, and further assured him that, in carrying out his purpose of writing the work he had undertaken, every assistance and furtherance which the government could bestow might be counted on. This and the felicitations and festivities with which his friends accompanied his departure had filled almost to overflowing the poet's cup of joy, now broken and dashed on the ground.

There have been many translations of "Faust," but it is conceded that Bayard Taylor's is the most valuable of them all. "This," says a writer in to-day's *Daily News*, "was not merely a successful, but, so far as we know, a unique performance. It not only gave a complete rendering of the formidable second part, which most translators avoid, and thereby destroy, so far as a translation may, the unity of what is, after all, strictly one poem, but it put the whole into corresponding English metre, with the almost endless double rhymes of the original faithfully reproduced in our tongue. This would have been in any case a clever *tour de force*, but Mr. Taylor made it something much more and much better. He made a genuine and a poetic translation of 'Faust,' and in this sense may fairly be said to have added something to the literature of the world." To this it may be added that the notes he appended to the poem represent a wealth of research unparalleled in the large "Faust" literature and "Faust" mythology; and that his translation of the second part of "Faust," taken together with his notes thereto, for the first time opened to both German and English readers the actual sense of a great work before sealed even to the majority of scholars. This is not alone my own opinion, but also that of men far more competent than myself to estimate this great—and now, alas! monumental—work.

Moncure D. Conway.

GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

The game of proverbs is excellent for drawing out thought and wit. When it is played, one member of the company leaves the room, and the rest fix upon a well-known proverb. The banished guest returns, and asks each person a question, who in reply is bound to bring in one word of the proverb in its proper order, and the questioner tries to find out from these answers what the proverb is. A very amusing variety of this game is called "shooting proverbs." The guests each appropriate one word of the proverb as before. The one who is trying to guess the proverb comes in, steps into the middle of the room, and calls out in a commanding voice, "Make ready! Present! Fire!" At the word "fire" all the company shout their own words at once, and the proverb is to be guessed from the sound, which is a very confusing one. "Nouns" is another amusing game, and can be played by the old as well as young. In this, one of the company thinks of one particular person or thing, and the others ply him with questions, and endeavor to find out his secret from the answers. It is astonishing how judicious questioning can draw the most out-of-the-way object out of mystery into the light of day. "Trades" is also amusing. In this game each person chooses a certain trade, and one member of the company, who is named by the rest, makes up a story, in the course of which he introduces an account of his shopping excursions, and calls haphazard upon the representative of each business to name some noun which belongs to his trade. Thus a butcher is to name a certain joint of meat, a grocer some article of grocery, and so on. No item is to be mentioned twice; and if there is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. Another good game is called "dumb crambo." When playing it, half the party leave the room, and those who remain choose a verb which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return, they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word fixed upon, and they consult together to find out what it is. Instead of speaking their guess they act it. If they guess right, they are applauded; if they fail, they are hissed. A word spoken on either side, excepting by the actors for the purpose of private consultation, entails a forfeit. None of these games are particularly new, but they are amusing, nevertheless.

A FLOOD, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, there was a young damsel called— But perhaps I'd better not mention her name; she's changed it now, in any case, and to save every body's feelings, I'll call her Mollie Muldoon—sweet Mollie Muldoon. Her own name was rather an Irish one, and we'll stick to the nationality, because with it go the Irish eyes, and the changing color, and the warm, fickle, tempestuous, loving, blundering, devoted heart. Now a more delightful creature it would be hard to find, for she had that incomparable nature that blends the child with the woman; and whereas she could romp and play like a kitten in seasons of frivolity, you might in a dire and serious extremity search the wide world over for a wiser or maturer judgment. She had the most wonderful knack of taking a shabby house, and going over it from top to bottom, with a touch here and a brush there, and a little adornment over yonder, so that, when she was through, the metamorphosis would be startling, and one would declare that under the kilt pleats of her house dress she concealed the wand of a fairy.

"But, oh! mamma, it will get all mussed up again; and it won't bear many more goings over. I'm afraid to sweep very hard for fear the carpets will fall to rags; and the walls are awfully cracked this year—the paper is peeling off from sheer age; and when the time comes that I can't patch up and fix things, I shall just lie down and die." Her mother looked at her with a placid expression of composure. Mollie's eyes were shining like sapphires, her cheeks were like the roses of June, her dimpled elbows had burst through the fashionably tight sleeves of her house dress, and the line from her chin to her throat lacked a little of the artistic curve, so plump and round was sweet Mollie Muldoon.

"I'm not afraid of your dying just yet, my dear," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Well, I'll do something desperate; you see if I don't!" said Mollie.

But nobody minded this threat. Not but that we all felt sorry for her; it was dreadful to be so poor and so proud. Every body knows that poverty and pride are like oil and water, and won't go together very well; and it could not be denied that Mollie's beauty and grace were sadly suited to the stinted means of life doled out to the widow Muldoon and her two children. When Mr. Muldoon was living they had all the luxuries that his handsome salary and generous heart could devise; but the bountiful heart became cold in death, and the handsome salary ceased long before Mollie was old enough fully to enjoy either the one or the other. It was only a mercy from Heaven that Mrs. Muldoon's father outlived her husband, and was able to allow her a small income, or Heaven knows what would have become of sweet little Mollie, with her yearnings after fashionable furbelows and surroundings.

Poor little Mollie! Many a time I've seen her beautiful eyes filled with tears of rage and mortification over an abortive attempt at making a dress with puffs and frills out of a small pattern; but out she came presently with some old underskirt of her mother's, or aunt's, or grandmother's, and with a few touches of her magic fingers the whole fabric would fall together, colors and all, as gracefully as a rainbow, and then her eyes would shine again, and her dimpled chin go up in the air with the true pride of genius.

"Just look at that Mollie Muldoon," said Fanny Sharp, as Mollie went by; "she's ruining her mother, the way she dresses."

"Pride goeth before a fall," croaked old Granny Sharp.

It was only a week or two after that I heard from Mrs. Muldoon's own lips the confirmation of a rumor that had been going about for months—that Mollie was actually engaged to be married to young Adolphus Dacre. The Dacres had been given over by our whole little community long since. They had treated the church scandalously, hiring the best pew, and never paying a penny on it; the grocer had refused to give them any further credit; the butcher's cart drove right by their door; and Mike Malony, the milkman, had been seen sitting upon the front stoop of the Dacres', waiting, he said, for one of two things—his money or the liver of Mr. Dacre.

"And of course," said Mollie, "so long as these miserable trades-people held out, and treated the Dacres with respect, the whole aristocracy of Babbleton followed suit; but now that the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker have given them up—"

"It's a case of the rotten potato," said her seventeen-year-old-brother Jack.

"Have *you* too turned against Dolph?" said Mollie.

"I!" replied the lad, with mock tragedy. "Never! As a friend of mine, he's A 1, and no mistake; but I don't take much stock in Dolph as a brother-in-law. It's all he can do to keep himself in chuck."

"Mamma, will you make Jack stop talking slang?"

"I beg pardon," said Jack; "what I meant to say was that under existing circumstances Mr. Adolphus Dacre finds it exceedingly difficult to supply his own individual necessities, and positively declines any inducement to take in the matrimonial racket."

"Declines *me*?" said Mollie, with scornful emphasis.

"Declines the whole feminine generation," said Jack.

That very day, which was a freezing one in December, Mollie was seen down upon the skating pond executing with marvellous grace and facility the intricate evolutions of the outer edge, and with her was Dolph Dacre. Whatever might have been his inclination toward the feminine generation in general, it was plainly evident that to Mollie in particular his whole heart and soul went out in fond emotion. His face was of the same mobile tendency as Mollie's, and love, admiration, devotion, idolatry, beamed in every line of it.

"It's a shame to part them," said the romantic lookers-on.

"It's ruinous to have them so much together," said the prudent; but Mollie and Dolph went gliding on, their hands locked together, their glad hearts caring no more for fate than for the freezing wind.

"Dolph is a bang-up skater," said Jack, that night at supper. "That patch in his left boot loosened his skate, or he'd have been the top of the heap. If he could only get a pair of shoes—"

"Do you mean to say," said Mollie, the morsel upon her fork suddenly becoming distasteful to her—"do you mean to say Dolph Dacre can't get as many shoes as he wants?"

"Why, sis, if it comes to that, can I? Can you? Poverty is a blamed uncomfortable thing, but I hope it's no disgrace."

"It *is* a disgrace. It's a hideous, heinous, unbearable crime!" said Mollie, and pushed her chair away, and went up stairs to cry her pretty eyes out.

Her mother found her with her head buried in the pillow, her whole little body quivering with excitement.

"Why, Mollie, my child—" began poor placid Mrs. Muldoon; and then the young termagant turned upon her.

"It's *your* business," she cried, "to put an end to this madness between Dolph and me. Do you think it's a very nice thing to have your daughter—papa's daughter—engaged to be married to a man that can't afford to buy himself a pair of shoes?"

"A little temporary embarrassment, my child."

"A little temporary fiddlestick!" broke in Mollie. "It's for ever and ever, and hopeless, and I wish I was dead!" Here she began to sob again.

"What can I do?" said poor Mrs. Muldoon.

"You can break off the engagement—forbid him to enter your doors—insult him—tell him you won't give your daughter to a pauper—make him so mad he'll never look at me again."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said the poor lady, her own cheeks beginning to burn. "I admire and respect the young man too much to cause him any unnecessary suffering; but I'll tell him to give you up, for his own sake as well as yours."

That night Mollie implored Jack to lock her in her room and take away the key. "Mamma's going to have a talk with Dolph, and I don't want to interfere," said Mollie.

Jack consented, he said, for the mutual benefit of those concerned. It was a case *de lunatico inquirendi*. Mamma would attend to the lunatic down stairs; he would hold guard over the one in the upper chamber; and it being about time for Dolph's usual evening visit, Jack turned the key in Mollie's door, and went whistling into the adjoining chamber. The case of madness below was easily disposed of. Poor Dolph met Mrs. Muldoon half way. He confessed it was the merest presumption upon his part to aspire to the hand of a creature so fair and sweet and supremely perfect; he owned that his pecuniary prospects were hopeless, and his future a blank season of despair. He would trouble her no more, and might God bless her and prosper her! And here the poor fellow grew so pale that Mrs. Muldoon began to comfort him and cry over him as woman will; and their broken voices mounting up the dilapidated chimney opening to Mollie's room above, she started to her feet and ran over to the door.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, "let me out this instant."

"Not much," said Jack.

"Jack, listen to me," begged Mollie.

"'Jailer, hear my cry,'" said Jack.

"I'm not going to do any thing foolish, Jack."

"'Jailer, I *am* not mad,'" said Jack. "Now see here, sis, it's no go. 'This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.'"

"Jack, I've got three dollars that Aunt Cynthia gave me toward my walking suit: you shall have it for your club skates if you'll let me out."

"Ha! What is this I hear?" said Jack. "Bribery! Corruption! Woman, would you insult me? Three dollars, did you say? And I've got fifty cents. Marry! a pretty sum of money—"

At that moment was heard the broken voice of Dolph: "Good-night—good-by." The front door closed upon the despairing lover.

"Hang it!" said Jack, "I was just beginning to relent."

"I can get him back again," said Mollie; but she found this not so easy, after all. Dolph had a pride of his own that had long battled impotently against his love. He had always mourned his inability to buy little trinkets for Mollie, or lay some befitting token upon the shrine of his idolatry; and now that Mrs. Muldoon had shown him the serious injury he was unwittingly doing the one being he adored, it was enough. He came no more to the house; the skating pond missed its champion; the main street lost its most graceful promenader; no more little billets-doux went into the vest pocket nearest his heart, or lay in the perfumed recesses of Mollie's battered writing-desk. The broker's office where Dolph was employed opened late and closed early, for there was very little business doing in those times of commercial depression, but he haunted the busy streets of the financial centre with so haggard and distracted an air that he passed for a youth who had ventured his all upon some rotten security and lost it. Which, indeed, was the truth in more ways than one.

Mollie, who had not looked for this firmness of resolve upon his part, began to grow pale and listless, she also forsook the familiar haunts that love had made so delightful, and busied herself more than ever with patching up the outward appearances of her toilet and the shabby surroundings at home. She grew less plump, less rosy; faint lines of thought traced her fair white brow; her eyes took a shade of melancholy in their depth that made them a deeper, softer, darker blue.

"She's losing her health," sighed poor Mrs. Muldoon.

"She's more beautiful than ever," said Mrs. Cynthia Cinqbar, Mrs. Muldoon's fashionable sister; but even this lady could not but confess that the tender grass green she had always adapted to Mollie's complexion did not become her as of old, and that crimson tint which still burned in the heart of the roses had fled from the cheeks of sweet Mollie Muldoon.

It was midsummer, and Babbleton was at its loveliest and best, and it became necessary for fashionable people to leave it at once. Among the arrivals at a popular watering-place might have been noticed the names of Mrs. Cinqbar and Miss Mollie Muldoon, and within a month letters began to reach Babbleton that made the heart of poor Mrs. Muldoon beat with alternate hope and fear.

"Mollie behaves like an angel," wrote Mrs. Cinqbar; "and if you show the least discretion and sense in following up this providential opportunity of hers, it will be the luckiest thing in the world for you all. Mr. Fithian is a man of distinction and influence as well as wealth, and will be able to give Jack a push in life. We should all of us be exceedingly grateful for Mollie's success; and I do hope you'll manage to get that mouldy dining-room of yours repapered and painted before Mollie's return. Jack might help in these things during his holidays, and I'll see that you have presentable linen and china for the table. If you lived within the pale of civilization, Mr. Fithian needn't, of course, stay to a meal; but no one can tell what may happen in that miserable Babbleton, in the way of a flood, or hurricane, or something."

Mrs. Muldoon did her feeble best, aided by some abortive efforts of Jack, whose invention far outran his executive ability; but when Mollie came back the whole domestic ménage began to wear an air of comfortable serenity. Mollie soothed the fear and fluster of her mamma, altered her old black silk to the newest style, coaxed and bullied Jack into a semi-recognition of the inevitable, and every thing went merry as a marriage bell. Aunt Cinqbar was astonishingly generous, for one of her cautious proclivities; and other relatives, who had hitherto been as adamant to the calls for relief, became plastic as putty in the face of this joyful extremity.

Mollie's wedding trousseau far exceeded her wildest ambition; and as she had considerable versatility of soul, these smooth expanses of silk and velvet took some such a shape to her as the lump of rough marble to the sculptor, or a nicely stretched canvas to an artist. Her eyes began to glow before the scissors snipped into the material; and when the whole ideal conception was realized, and particularly as the train hung well, and she was fitted to a nicety, she was wildly happy.

Only once was there an open allusion to Dolph. When it was proposed that the bridal couple should kneel during the benediction, "No, no," cried Mollie; "men never kneel gracefully, at least there are very few—only one; but never mind."

Two or three hours after, her mother came upon her unawares, and found her with her face bowed upon her hands. When it was lifted, it was wet with tears; but she would bear no caressing, and only said she was tired, and so glad the storm would prevent Mr. Fithian from coming down. In truth, it was a day in which no man, beast, or reptile would care to be abroad. Heavy black clouds hung over Babbleton; the wind swept wildly through the deserted streets, increasing at nightfall to a hurricane, howling and shrieking like an unloosed demon about the dwellings of that hapless suburb, tearing ruthlessly the gimcracks of flimsy architecture from roofs and balconies, uprooting trees and shrubs, rocking Mollie's bedstead like a cradle, and at last sending a brick with direful accuracy straight down Mrs. Muldoon's chimney through the kitchen stove-pipe, blocking up the damper, and frustrating the baking of a lovely meat pie that Mollie had made for supper.

Then the heavens opened, and the rain fell, and *such* a rain! A bucketful at a drop, Jack said, when he came home from town. He was wet to his knees, and declared that, two blocks below, a raft was plying from corner to corner; the boys were getting out their boats, and if the storm continued, the city of Venice would be nothing to Babbleton. As the kitchen fire had gone out, Jack's clothes were put to dry in the dining-room; the meat pie was still in its dough casing, but the coffee was warm, and there was plenty of cold ham in the larder. "And with ham and pickles," said Jack, "we can defy the elements."

So they all sat down to supper, Mollie's hair in one braid down her back, and the bib of her kitchen apron still tucked under her chin, when suddenly there was a ring at the bell.

"If that's Mr. Fithian," said Mollie, "I shall die. Do run up and see, Jack."

Then Mrs. Muldoon and Mollie waited in breathless silence, and as the house was small, and its acoustic properties accommodating, the smoothly modulated tones of Mr. Fithian came distinctly to their ears. "Is Miss Mollie in?" Jack rather thought she wasn't out. Then the parlor door opened and shut, and Jack came below.

"He's more like Mephistopheles than ever to-night," said Jack. "He's always tall and lean and cadaverous, but he's a spectre now, and 'his eyes have all the gleaming of a demon in their dreaming.'"

"Is he very wet, Jack?"

"Wet! He's drowned. But he's as polite as a mounseer; he's holding two quarts of water at this present minute in his high hat, and smiling blandly the while the rain drops over his marble brow."

Mollie went bravely up into the parlor. Now there is this about the grace of youth, that it is invincible; and Mr. Fithian had never found Mollie so charming as when she stood there before him with her kitchen bib on, and her hair in one braid down her back; but, on the other hand, a gentleman of Mr. Fithian's physique and style and age can be awfully brought to grief by two hours' wading in a tempest. His devotion was supreme, and merited a better acknowledgment at the hands of Mollie; but we all know the weakness and ingratitude of human nature. His overcoat and high hat and overshoes were thrown together in a wet mass upon the rack; Mollie saw them as she passed through the hall, and her heart sank within her. Did he expect to remain? With the kitchen fire out, and the back area filling with water, and nothing in the house but ham and pickles, did this alien and stranger expect to be asked to share their humble hospitality? He stood there, pretending to look at a book upon the marble table, while the water fell from his coat tails in a pool.

Mollie grew paler and paler in her sore perplexity, and Mr. Fithian felt a slight premonitory chill run down his vertebræ. He thought of rheumatism, pneumonia, a congestive chill. Despair lent him courage; he went over to Mollie, and endeavored to take her in his arms; but she drew back—it was bad enough when he was dry.

"You—you are so wet!" said Mollie.

"I know it," he said. "Can't I go somewhere and get dry? Let me go down stairs, Mollie, to the kitchen fire; surely you don't mind me, darling. Run down and ask your mother's permission."

Mollie knew the fire was quenched by the brick in the kitchen stove-pipe, but she went down nevertheless—any thing to get away from this miserable man.

Her mother met her at the stairs with a pale face and outstretched hands. "Don't come down, Mollie; the whole lower floor is flooded; the heater is out."

Mollie went into the parlor again. "There isn't one spark of heat in the whole house," she said to Mr. Fithian.

"Perhaps, under these circumstances, it would be better to retire to the upper chambers," said Mr. Fithian, whose teeth were now beginning unpleasantly to chatter.

"Yes, we'd better all go to bed," said poor Mrs. Muldoon; "we can at least be dry and warm there."

At that moment a portentous drop fell straight from the ceiling upon the sparsely covered cranium of Mr. Fithian.

"Great Heaven! the roof is leaking!" cried Mrs. Muldoon; and rushing up stairs, they found a stream of water in the upper chamber gradually making its way to the floor below. It leaked from under the closet door. In that closet hung the better part of Mollie's bridal trousseau. She walked with a faltering step and a beating heart to the door, opened it, and took one quick gasp to catch her breath. A gust of wind blew her one braid of hair over her eyes, the rain came pelting down: the sky-light had blown off; the pretty conceits of silk and velvet, the unrivalled conceptions of the dress-maker's brain, the ribbons and lace and all the dainty finery there, had fallen a prey to the devastation of the elements. It was all over. Mollie was pale, but calm. She walked down stairs again with a firm step. As she went she heard a familiar voice in a subdued whisper:

"This floor is all right now, Mrs. Muldoon; the drain was clogged. Now Jack and I will get at the kitchen stove."

It was the voice of Dolph Dacre, the sweetest melody the world held for poor little Mollie Muldoon. Nothing could have kept her then from descending to the kitchen floor. It was wet and cold, and feebly lighted by the straggling flame of a solitary lamp, but Mollie suddenly found it radiant. It was warm, it was glowing, it was delightful. Dolph stood there, in his shirt sleeves, holding the kitchen stove-pipe, while Jack was extricating the intruding brick. His luxuriant locks were blown across his brow, a bar of soot extended Dolph's mustache, but, oh! the invincible grace of youth! Mollie looked at Dolph with clasped hands and pleading eyes.

"Hold on, Jack," said Dolph, and dropped the stove-pipe.

"What's the row?" said Jack, and looking up, found Mollie clasped to Dolph's bursting, exultant heart.

"It's all over, Dolph," sobbed Mollie. "I did the best I could, but every thing's spoiled. And what's the use? All the poor man can do is to get away, and stay away forever."

"I'll go for some conveyance for him, if you say so, Mollie," said Dolph, who had a compassionate heart.

"If you only would," said Mollie.

And he did. Mr. Fithian was quite ill for several weeks, and somehow in gaining one fever he lost the other. At all events, when Mollie was married, the other day, to Dolph Dacre, among the wedding presents was a set of silver from Mr. Fithian; and whether he meant it for satire or a religious exhortation nobody knew, but this inscription was neatly engraved upon the coffee-urn: "A foolish man built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Saturday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

The company of English revisers of the New Testament have completed their final revision. They have, since June, 1870, held eighty-five sessions, and have spent 337 days in this work. The average attendance has been fifteen out of the whole number—twenty-four. The suggestions of the American company, not yet decided on, remain to be considered, when the task will be complete. The New Testament will be published without delay for the completion of the Old—most probably within two years.

The government of Austria takes the supervision of family worship, and forbids it in some cases. A few simple folk in the empire who had changed from the Catholic to the evangelical faith, and who have reformed their lives too, tell this story: "On a certain Sunday, while the family of —— were holding morning family worship, at which none but the family and two lodgers were present, the police appeared, drove us all out of the room, and bade the household to get to work, telling them that if they wanted to pray they must go elsewhere." Again and again the officers have appeared, and have repeated this proceeding. No charge of disorder or political designs is made against these humble converts. They have been fined and imprisoned also for the offense of worshipping God in their own homes. There is nothing like a paternal government—for superintending family prayers.

The overture of the last Presbyterian Assembly on Representation has so far been received with favor by the Presbyteries. It proposes one commissioner to the Assembly for every 2500 communicants. Fifty-one Presbyteries have voted—31 in favor and 20 against. Among the affirmative Presbyteries are Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington; among the negative are New York, Brooklyn, and St. Louis.

A blow given to Mormonism is a public benefit, and such a blow has been given by the Supreme Court of the United States. A late decision pronounces the laws of Congress forbidding polygamy to be constitutional. The fact that such a decision has been required, on an appeal from the courts of Utah, shows with what tenacity the Mormons adhere to this scandalous practice. A thorough enforcement of the law should not be impossible in the present state of society throughout the Territory.

Of the fourth of the Yale Lectures delivered by Bishop Simpson before the Divinity School of New Haven, the *Independent* of January 2 says: "The address was thoroughly practical in its tone, and was delivered with the lecturer's customary vigor and earnestness. The bishop speaks with an intense conviction of the importance of the minister's work, based on a long personal experience, and it is this fact which gives his words such influence, and renders his lectures so popular among the students."

The Year-Book of the Unitarian churches of the United States for 1879 does not state the number of members. The number of societies is 358, against 353 in 1878 and 348 in 1874—a gain of ten in five years. The number of societies without pastors is 99—more than one-fourth of the whole. "But of these 99," says the *Christian Register*, "there are not more than 25 which have the ability to support a minister; for we must not only deduct the unburied dead ones, but a large number of small or declining parishes in the East, and a still larger number of mere preaching stations in the West, where little groups of liberals have a nominal organization." The number of ministers is 401, which is 43 more than the whole number of societies; deducting, however, those who are disabled by sickness or age, and those who are engaged in philanthropic or educational work, the number available as pastors is about 300. Among the ministers who have been ordained for a longer period than half a century, and who are well known to the country, are Frederick H. Hedge, of Cambridge; Orville Dewey, formerly of New York; William H. Furness, of Philadelphia; and Frederick A. Farley, of Brooklyn.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor Tyndall has recently made a restatement of his religious opinions. His language shows that he has not been misunderstood. He rejects materialism; he admits religious feeling as a fact of human consciousness; he denies, however, that there is an objective correspondent to this feeling. He says, "It is against the mythologic scenery, if I may use the term, rather than against the life and substance of religion, that science enters her protest." Professor Tyndall does not hold the conviction universal among Christians, and so well expressed by Archdeacon Wilberforce, that "religion, being a divine reality, implies the existence of certain outward facts, external to ourselves, which have a being independent of our thoughts, and are the object of our consideration. Neither can it flourish unless the subjective action of our thoughts be maintained by the presence of such objective realities."

A formula has been agreed upon between the Pope and the Italian government for obtaining the royal *exequatur* by bishops, the patronage of whose dioceses is claimed by the crown. A petition to the Parliament has been drawn up by the Northern Italian bishops asking a relaxation of the law which subjects candidates for the priesthood to conscription. Other bishops will, it is said, unite in this petition. If they do, it will be a recognition of the government, which has hitherto been refused.

The way they have in England of quarrelling over religion is amazing. Mr. Tooth quarrelled with his wardens, fought the police, the judge of the Court of Arches, was sent to prison, was released, took a trip round the world, came home, and quarrelled with his substitute, the Rev. Malcolm M'Coll. The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie has had his quarrel with the courts. He has been suspended and what not, but won a victory in the Lord Chief Justice's Court on an appeal. And now the judges are quarrelling about religion. Lord Penzance has reviewed the decision of Chief Justice Cockburn in the Mackonochie case, no doubt tartly; and the Chief Justice reviews Lord Penzance in a pamphlet of sixty-four pages. Lord Cockburn lays about him with the fury of an inquisitor. "The style and tone of your judgment," he writes, "and its offensive and unprovoked attack on myself, have excited in my mind a degree of astonishment equalled only by my sense of injustice at finding," etc., etc. Whether a quarrel will now break out in the High Court of Appeals, whither one of the cases has gone, is of course unknown; but such an end would only be of a piece with all that has preceded.

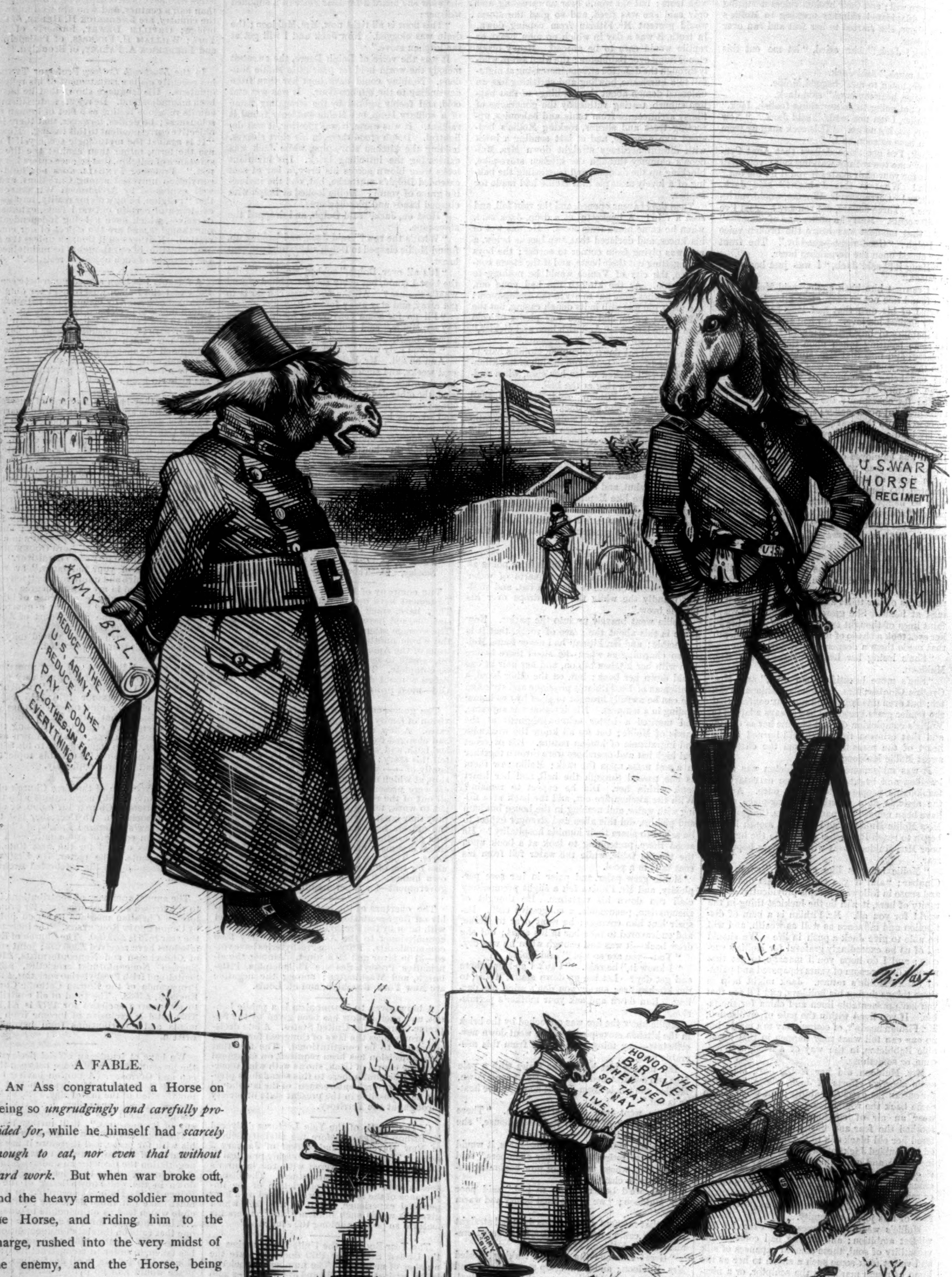
The colored Baptists are very numerous in Richmond, Virginia, and they are very prosperous. The "Old First Church," which has a great fame, reports for 1878 1115 baptisms. There are eight or nine other churches of colored Baptists in that city. Their ministers are men of energy and character. Among them is the Rev. John Jasper, usually known as "the philosopher," who stands firmly to his faith that "the sun does move." On this topic he has preached and lectured copiously.

The Convocation of the Free Church of England has entered into negotiations with the Reformed Episcopal Church for union, or at least friendly association. In December last the St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church of Montreal, an edifice of stone purchased of the Baptists, was opened for the first time by its new occupants. The rector, Dr. Usher, is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Archbishop Usher.

The annual summary of contributions in 1877 to the British societies organized for promoting foreign Christian missions has been published by Canon Scott Robertson. The increase over the year 1876 is £52,000. The Church of England missions have received £466,073; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £163,845; English Nonconformist societies, £324,321; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £139,011; Propaganda of the Roman Catholic Church in England, £7633. The total of all contributions to sixty-seven societies for 1877 is £1,100,793. This total is exclusive of income from investments and contributions from beyond Great Britain.

We have at length an official declaration of the present prospect of peace between the Vatican and Germany. A motion having been offered last month in the Prussian Diet for the modification of the law of May, 1875, which suppressed the religious orders, Dr. Falk said that the government was "not disposed to retract any of its measures." Still further he added: "The Pope has frequently given expression to his wish for peace, and therefore it has become the duty of the government to try and find by negotiation the basis for an understanding; but the nature of such a basis has already been laid down in the well-known letter of the Crown Prince to his Holiness, according to which we must leave out those debatable points of principle which lead us on principle to antagonism. ....But the peace must be a possible peace, not one that calls on the state for unconditional submission, not one that bids it retrace the steps it has taken, in order to reconstruct its own position, and to be fair to all confessions. Such a peace would find no epithet strong enough to characterize it, and history warns us that after a time the same questions left unsettled will crop up again and renew a state of conflict." If all this does not mean that Germany refuses to yield the supremacy it has assumed over the administration of the Church, it means nothing.

It was stated also by Dr. Falk that the law of 1875 distributed over four years the work of dissolving the monastic establishments which were devoted to education. There were at that time in Prussia forty-four orders of this kind, maintaining 819 establishments. Of this number 764 have been suppressed, and substitutes provided. Dr. Falk declared emphatically that the government "would not give back the schools into the hands of the religious orders."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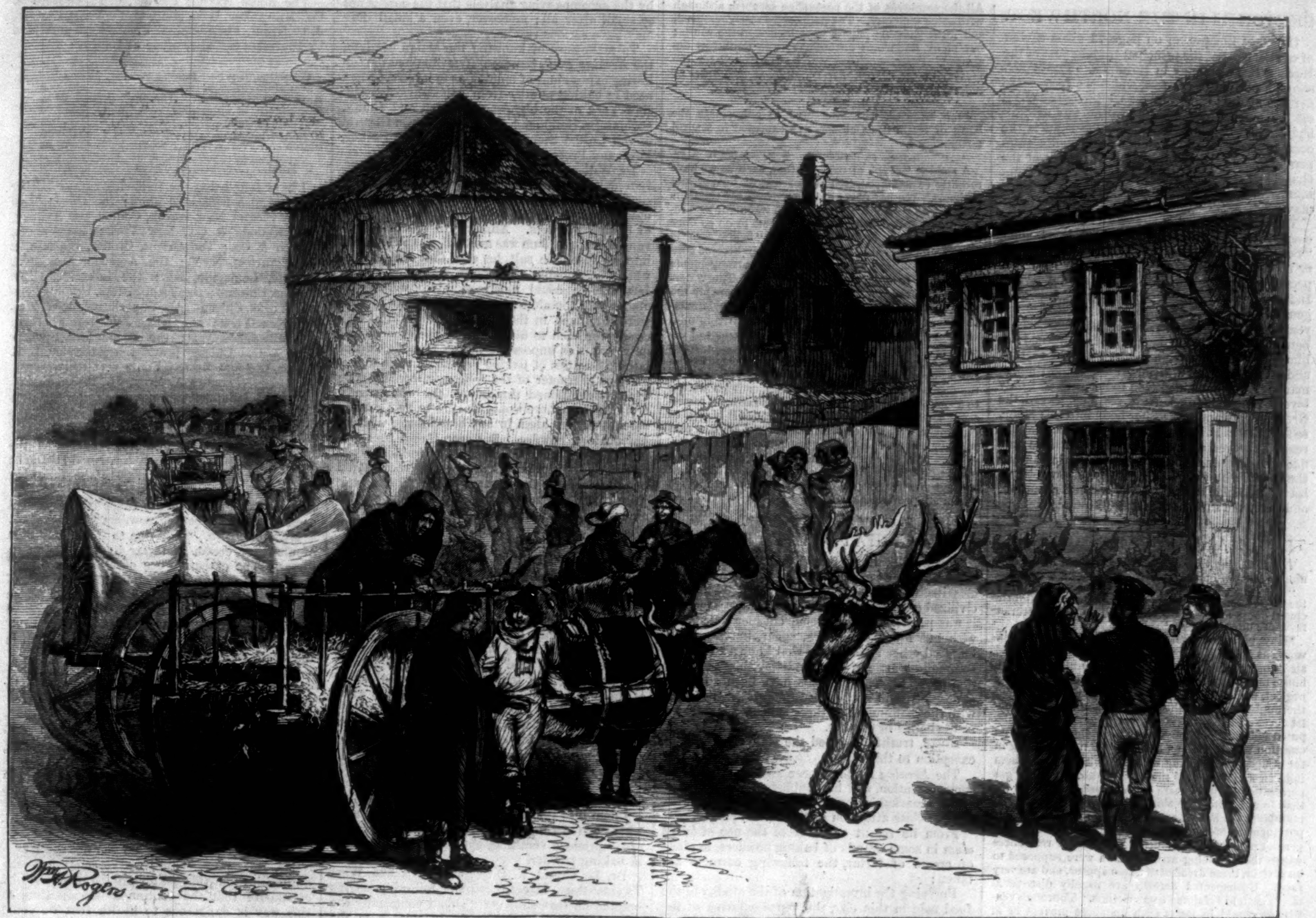
ARMY BILL.
REDUCE THE U.S. ARMY; REDUCE THE PAY, FOOD, CLOTHES—IN FACT EVERYTHING.
C
U.S. WAR HORSE REGIMENT
U.S.
Th. Nast
HONOR THE BRAVE. THEY DIED SO THAT WE MAY LIVE.
ARMY BILL

A FABLE.

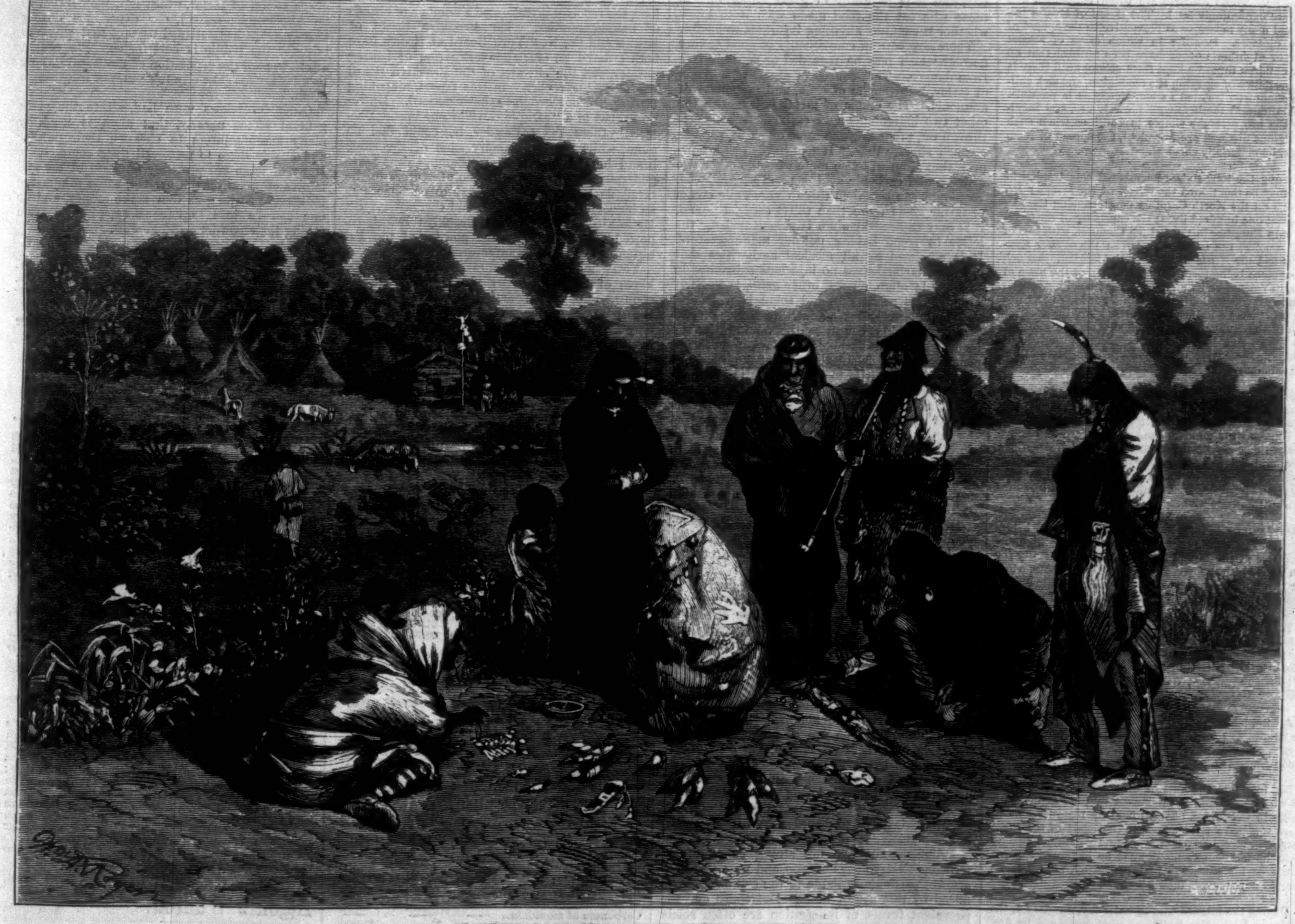
An Ass congratulated a Horse on being so *ungrudgingly and carefully provided for*, while he himself had *scarcely enough to eat, nor even that without hard work*. But when war broke out, and the heavy armed soldier mounted the Horse, and riding him to the charge, rushed into the very midst of the enemy, and the Horse, being wounded, fell dead on the battle-field, then the Ass, seeing all these things, changed his mind, and commiserated the Horse.

Moral.—When the battle was over, the Ass was the same old Ass.

THE ASS AND THE CHARGER.



TRADERS AT FORT GARRY, MANITOBA.



STANDING ROCK, THE SACRED STONE OF THE SIOUX.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTHWEST.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

SKETCHES IN THE NORTHWEST.

Our first illustration on page 73 gives a view of old Fort Garry, the principal trading post of the Hudson Bay Company in Manitoba. The sketch shows a portion of the fort, which is a formidable defense against Indian attacks, although it would not be much of an obstacle in the way of ordinary artillery. The building on the right is the company's store, where Indians and white trappers dispose of their furs and other spoils of the chase, and obtain in return supplies of food, ammunition, clothing, and any articles of outfit they may need.

The lower illustration shows an interesting ceremony observed by the Sioux about the famous "Standing Rock," situated near the Missouri River in Northern Dakota. This rock is of a very peculiar shape, and with it are connected several Indian legends. Among the Sioux the one most generally believed is that the stone was, many years ago, a young and beautiful Indian girl, whose betrothed was slain in battle. She mourned for him with the deepest and most constant sorrow, and although many warrior suitors sought her in marriage, she remained true to her first and only love. When she died, many years afterward, the Great Spirit transformed her body into this stone, so that, instead of mouldering in the dust, it might remain forever as a memorial of her love and fidelity. It is an object of great veneration among the Sioux, who visit it frequently, strew tobacco leaves, medicine bags, food, and trinkets around it, and paint the surface with rude, fantastic designs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The following important advice is given in the columns of one of our leading daily journals:

> "Air your rooms two or three times a day during the cold snap. It is generally after a period of tightly closed doors and windows that diphtheria and scarlet fever are most virulent."

Many persons have a vague impression—which, vague as it is, influences their daily habits—that cold air is necessarily pure air; and as the air within the house naturally becomes cooler during the night, they neglect, during a cold "spell," to open windows and thoroughly ventilate their rooms. Exactly how scarlet fever and diphtheria originate may be still a disputed point among physicians; but there can be no question that if miasma and contagion are floating in the atmosphere, nothing will more surely scatter them than an abundance of the freshest air. If sewer gas permeates a house, there is more safety in fresh air than in any thing else short of radical changes in the plumbing, the last of course being of paramount importance if defects are suspected. But it often happens—cases have lately occurred—that in residences where the plumbing arrangements were supposed to be perfect, these dreaded diseases appear, and are very fatal. Unsuspected defects are usually discovered after death has claimed some victims. Thorough ventilation would in many such instances prevent or at least modify the diseases.

At the present time scarlet fever and diphtheria are so prevalent that much anxiety is felt lest they become epidemic. These diseases are often combined, and then are exceedingly fatal. The Board of Health has adopted many measures as preventive to the spread of these diseases. Families in which cases of scarlet fever or diphtheria occur have been notified that all their children must be kept from school until there is no possibility of carrying the contagion, and sick children should be isolated as completely as is possible. If parents and teachers would wisely use, and inculcate the use of, some simple precautions when such contagious diseases are prevalent, the spread of them would be materially checked.

Among the long-to-be-remembered catastrophes of 1878 may be mentioned the wreck of the steamer *Metropolis* on the North Carolina coast, causing the loss of about one hundred lives; the capsizing of the training ship *Eurydice* in the British Channel, with loss of 400 persons; the collision between the *Grosser Kurfürst* and the *König Wilhelm* in the English Channel, 280 persons being lost; the destruction of the town of Cua, in Venezuela, by an earthquake; a colliery explosion in Haydock, England, and another in Wales, causing together a sacrifice of 481 lives; and the destruction of the Hungarian town of Miskolcz by a storm, 600 lives being lost. These stand out prominently, although there were numerous other disasters at sea and on land, by fire and by flood.

Brazilian trade with the United States has assumed such proportions that a movement has been made to establish an American banking house with a branch at Rio Janeiro—an arrangement which would remove one of the chief disadvantages with which American merchants have to contend in their efforts to build up such a trade with Brazil as justly belongs to a country which purchases yearly more than one-half of Brazil's entire production.

On January 3, 1879, the mercury fell to 3° below zero, that being the lowest point recorded by the thermometer at the Signal Service Office in this city for ten years, with the exception of one day in 1875, when for two hours only the mercury stood at 6° below zero. From various other places, particularly from the Northwest, severe cold was reported, as follows: Below zero—Yankton, 18°; Cheyenne, 10°; Breckinridge, Minnesota, 24°; Omaha, 20°; St. Paul, 13°; Leavenworth, 13°; St. Louis, 8°; Chicago, 13°; Indianapolis, 15°; Cincinnati, 9°; Detroit, 11°; Louisville, 6°; Nashville, 1°; Pittsburgh, 11°; Washington, zero; Philadelphia, zero.

A complete bridge of ice, three and a quarter miles in length, was formed on the Hudson River between Nyack and Tarrytown on January 5. It was patronized by a large number of foot-passengers.

Not long ago the Earl of Beaconsfield was presented with a gold and silver casket by the English residents in California. This token of regard seems to have touched a tender spot in the heart of the great English statesman; and with more genuine feeling than he has usually manifested he in return assured them of his gratitude and sympathy, and that he should never forget their kindness.

During the intense cold of Saturday, January 4, the Chicago Post-office Buildings were destroyed by fire. The fire probably originated in rooms adjoining the engine-room, where the carpenter of the building made repairs, and the flames spread with great rapidity. All the employés of the post-office escaped, although with some difficulty. The mails were safely removed, and most valuable papers were locked in the vaults; but many important documents were doubtless destroyed. Postal business will be transacted for the present in the new Singer Building, at the corner of State and Washington streets.

Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain last October, was executed in Madrid on January 4.

A sudden "snap" of cold weather, such as we have recently experienced, is a severe test of temper and patience. We are never quite prepared for the thermometer to go below zero, although we might well remember that in this vicinity it is liable to do so once or twice at least every winter. But "below zero" is always unexpected to us. We suddenly become conscious that ordinary care and ordinary arrangements have failed to secure ordinary comfort. The water-pipes have frozen up or have burst; plumbers are too busy to attend to our calls; scores of household inconveniencies appear that never show themselves in mild weather; and when, muffled up and impatient of delay, we venture out of doors, icy pavements, overcrowded horse-cars, belated "elevated" cars, ice-delayed ferry-boats, and contact with people irritated by the piercing cold and the extraordinary impediments to locomotion, often make it not a little difficult to preserve a calm and kindly frame of mind. It is well to remember that the discomforts we suffer in a cold snap or after a great storm are not peculiar to ourselves. And yet every citizen, both in his private and public capacity, should give his best *forethought* to prevent the recurrence of difficulties at such times which are preventable.

WHAT WE EAT.

The adulteration of food and drinks has become almost as general as the use of these articles itself. Scarcely an article used by men in civilized countries has escaped this process where it was possible to unite some cheaper substance with it. Flour, coffee, tea, sugar, butter, and a hundred other articles, are well known to be the commonest articles that undergo this adulteration process. The methods have been so often exposed that the public are tolerably acquainted with the manipulations these substances undergo at the hands of experts.

Bread, truthfully called the staff of life, is no exception to this rule.

The *Evening Post* has been giving this subject some attention, and has published the result of some remarkable investigations, which are worthy the close attention of thoughtful people.

From its recent exposure of the use of *burnt alum* in some brands of baking powders, in place of cream of tartar, the following extracts are taken:

Pursuing the investigation of the quality of the food sold in this city, the representative of the *Evening Post* took up baking powder as one of the articles in most general use in our households. It is used by nearly every family in the city, and it is naturally of great importance to those who eat the food made with it to know whether it contains anything injurious to health.

There are certain constituents of good baking powder which may be regarded as entirely free from danger. They consist of pure grape cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda, and carbonate of ammonia. The cream of tartar unites with the other two ingredients, and carbonic acid gas is thrown off, producing the same effect as yeast in a much shorter time. It has been found, however, that alum will also unite with the other two articles, and carbonic acid gas will be produced. As alum costs less than three cents, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents, a pound, it is easy to see why alum is substituted for the latter by some baking powder manufacturers. It is admitted by all medical authorities that cream of tartar leaves no injurious substance in the bread; alum, on the other hand, is in itself a dangerous astringent, and there is wide and deep-seated prejudice against its use. In England and other countries the adulteration of food with alum is forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The chemical effect of alum used in bread to whiten it is to form two salts of alumina—the sulphate and the phosphate of alumina. When used in baking powder the alum forms a third salt, the hydrate of alumina, as well as the other two. This hydrate of alumina is far more easily soluble than the other two; hence any objection that may exist to the use of alum alone in bread applies with greater force to its use in baking powder. This fact can be proven by the following named authorities:

Parke is the leader of the new school of hygiene in England. In his "Treatise on Hygiene," he says: "Looking then to the positive evidence, and the reasonableness of that evidence, it seems to me extremely likely that strongly alumed bread does produce the injurious effects ascribed to it." These effects, as he previously states, are indigestion, griping, constipation, and kindred troubles resulting from irritation of the mucous membrane, produced by the astringent properties of alum.

In Dr. Hammond's work on hygiene, written in 1860, the following passages occur: "Alum acts by rendering the albumen [in the bread] less soluble." "The use of alum in bread is injurious, both because it tends to conceal the bad quality of the flour employed, and because it is capable of exercising an injurious effect upon the bread by rendering it indigestible. It is also probable that the continued ingestion of alum is calculated to disorder the healthy action of the digestive system."

Persons who have not strong constitutions, growing girls, young children, and nursing mothers, are particularly liable to the evil effects produced by this use of alum. Heartburn and the prevalent forms of indigestion are often solely traceable to the action of alum on the delicate coats of the stomach. Those who think the size of the dose is too small to be dangerous, will see by the accompanying analysis that the dose is not so small after all; moreover, even a small dose may have serious results.

To make sure of knowing the action of alum, the *Evening Post's* representative obtained the following expressions of opinion as to its effect when used in baking powder from some physicians of New York of the highest reputation and ability, such as Dr. Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General of the United States, Professor Willard Parker, M.D., and Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D.

Dr. William A. Hammond, of No. 43 West Fifty-fourth Street, expressed himself as perfectly certain of the injurious effects of alum, whether used alone to whiten bread, or as an adulterant of baking powders. Alluding to the claim advanced that the alum was neutralized and changed into an insoluble salt, he said that this was a wholly improbable assumption, since such a perfect change could not take place unless the amounts of the alum and the bicarbonate of soda were combined in the exact chemical ratio necessary for each to absorb all of the other. Not only was this impossible in the manufacture of large quantities of baking powder, but the homogeneous character of the compound could not be exactly maintained throughout the whole mass, and therefore there would be sure to be a certain amount of free alum in any bread made with an alum baking powder. But even if the exact proportion were maintained, the salts formed would retain their injurious properties, as they would be dissolved in the gastric juice. The gastric juice contained not only lactic acid, but a large amount of hydro-chloric acid, and both the sulphate and hydrate of alumina would be dissolved. The phosphate might not be, but in that case the bread would be deprived of one of its most desirable ingredients, making the use of alum not only dangerous to the stomach, but deteriorating to the food.

"The hydrate of alumina," Dr. Hammond said, "would certainly be injurious to the mucous membrane. It would inevitably tend to constipate the bowels and interfere with digestion; and anything that tends to render the albumen of the bread insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value, is injurious."

Professor Willard Parker said that if alum was substituted for cream of tartar in baking powder, in his opinion such powder would be injurious to health.

Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., considers that alum has its uses, but it should not be ignorantly taken into the stomach in food. A substance which can derange the stomach, and in certain cases produce vomiting, should not be tolerated in baking powder.

Dr. Le Grand N. Denslow, of No. 225 West Twenty-third Street, gave the following as his opinion on this subject: "Bread containing the salts of alum, which are freely soluble in the gastric juice, is undoubtedly prejudicial to health, the salts acting as irritants to the stomach."

Having obtained the foregoing medical opinions, the reporter investigated a number of brands of baking powder. The Brooklyn Board of Health and the New York Board of Health have both ordered an official investigation of baking powder, and the chemist of the Brooklyn Board has made his report. In this report, a striking feature has not generally been noticed. He reports that in a "sample can" of one brand, Dooley Brothers Yeast Powder, he could find no alum, while in the ordinary cans of the same brand he did find alum. "Sample cans" are generally furnished by the manufacturers to the retail dealers to be given away to customers as an inducement to use that brand thereafter. Dr. McCorkle, chemist to the Brooklyn Board, reported finding alum in the powder of the Patapsco brand also, manufactured in Baltimore.

There are probably more than five hundred kinds of baking powder manufactured in this country, and, while some of them are sold from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the majority have only a local sale near their respective places of manufacture. Through Dr. Henry A. Mott, Jr., the well-known chemist for the Indian Bureau, one of the most competent, trustworthy, and careful experts of this country, the following analyses were obtained, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in many of the baking powders having a wide sale. Dr. Mott kindly furnished not only the results of his own analyses, but also those of several chemists of high professional standing.

Dr. Mott's report is as follows:

Dear Sir,—In accordance with your request, I herewith embody the results of the analysis of sixteen baking powders, in all of which I found alum as an important ingredient:

DOOLEY'S BAKING OR YEAST POWDER, DOOLEY BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Constituents:	Dr. Mott.	Prof. Morton.	Prof. Schedler.	Dr. Stillwell.
Burnt alum	26.45	26.078	27.53	30.00
Bi-carb. soda	24.17	24.375	25.54	22.00
Sesqui-carb. ammonia	2.31	2.513	2.58	3.00
Cream of tart.	None.	None.	None.	None.
Starch	47.07	47.034	44.35	45.00
Total	100.00	100.000	100.00	100.00

PATAPSCO BAKING POWDER, SMITH, HANWAY, & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Constituents:	Dr. Mott.	Prof. Schedler.
Burnt alum	20.03	19.16
Bi-carbonate of soda	22.80	23.36
Cream of tartar	None.	None.
Starch	57.17	57.48
Total	100.00	100.00

CHARM BAKING POWDER, ROHRER, CHRISTIAN, & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Constituents:	Dr. Mott.	Prof. Patrick.	Prof. Schedler.
Burnt alum	30.06	35.88	29.60
Bi-carbonate of soda	31.82	35.02	31.13
Carbonate of ammonia	—	—	—
Cream of tartar	None.	None.	None.
Starch	38.12	39.10	39.27
Total	100.00	100.00	100.00

The Regal Baking Powder, C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee, Wis., and Grant's Yeast Powder, J. C. Grant, Philadelphia, Penn., were analyzed by Professor Schedler alone as follows:

Constituents:	Andrews's Baking Powder.	Grant's Yeast Powder.
Burnt alum	22.53	19.59
Bi-carbonate of soda	21.79	20.14
Sesqui-carb. of ammonia	—	1.50
Sulphate of lime	—	1.33
Cream of tartar	None.	None.
Starch	55.68	57.44
Total	100.00	100.00

I have found that the following-named baking powders also contained alum: the Queen, Bennett & Sloane, New Haven, Conn.; the Kellogg, J. C. Kellogg & Co., New York; the Vienna, Church & Co.; the Orient, Crouse, Walrath, & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; the Amazon, Erskine & Erskine, Louisville, Ky.; the Lakeside, C. O. Perrine, Chicago; the Twin Sisters, Union Chemical Works, Chicago; the Superlative, A. W. Zietlow, New York; the King, Jewett & Sherman Co., Milwaukee, Wis; the Economical, Spencer Bros. & Co., Chicago; and the Excelsior, L. E. Taylor, Chicago. Yours very truly,

Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph.D., E.M.

Having obtained the foregoing, the reporter questioned some of the manufacturers of baking powder.

One of the manufacturers visited was the Royal Baking-Powder Company, No. 171 Duane Street. Mr. J. C. Hoagland gave the following replies:

Reporter. "What is the cause of the present excitement about baking powders?"

Mr. Hoagland. "It is due to the substitution of alum for cream of tartar by some manufacturers. The extensive use of alum was discovered by Dr. Mott in analyzing a number of powders offered to the Indian Bureau, of which he was appointed chemist, and it was exposed by him in an article in the *Scientific American*."

Reporter. "Have you ever used any alum in the Royal Baking Powder?"

Mr. Hoagland. "No, sir."

Reporter. "But I find that it is used by others. What is it used for?"

Mr. Hoagland. "I presume because it is cheaper than cream of tartar, which it replaces. Cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents per pound, while alum costs less than three cents."

Reporter. "You would, therefore, obtain a larger profit by using alum than by using cream of tartar?"

Mr. Hoagland. "Yes, for a time such substitution would more than double our profits."

Reporter. "Why, then, do you not use it?"

Mr. Hoagland. "For two reasons: first, the authorities on this point are so positive and conclusive that the continued use of alum in this way is dangerous to health that we could not conscientiously use it; if others choose to take risks on the public health we shall not follow them, preferring to continue the use of pure grape cream of tartar, which is demonstrated to be wholesome; second, our experience during twenty years has satisfied us that that which is best for the public is best for us. We cannot afford to peril the reputation of the Royal Baking Powder for the sake of a few years of illegitimate profit."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.—*N. Y. Post.*

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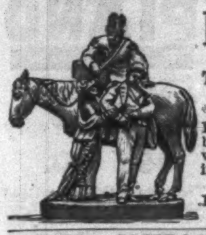

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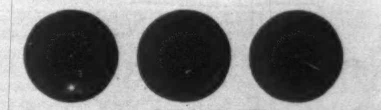

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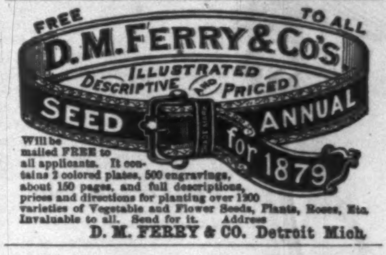

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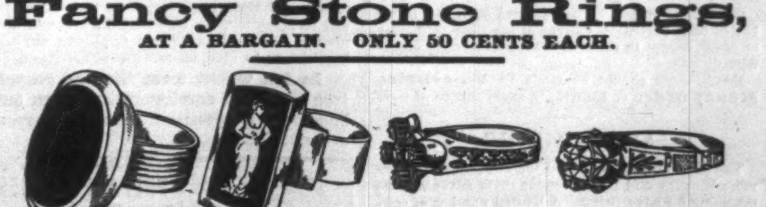

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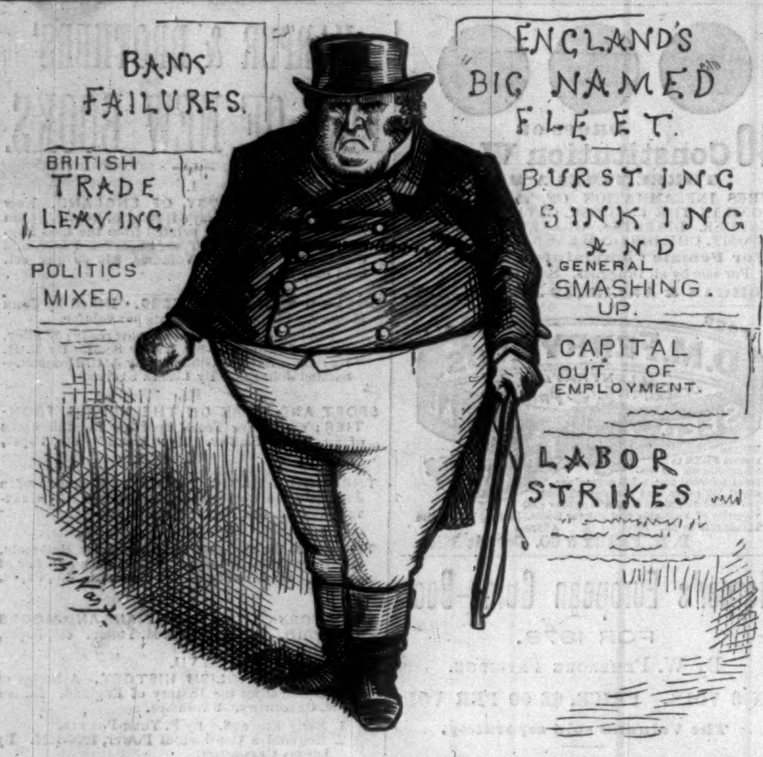
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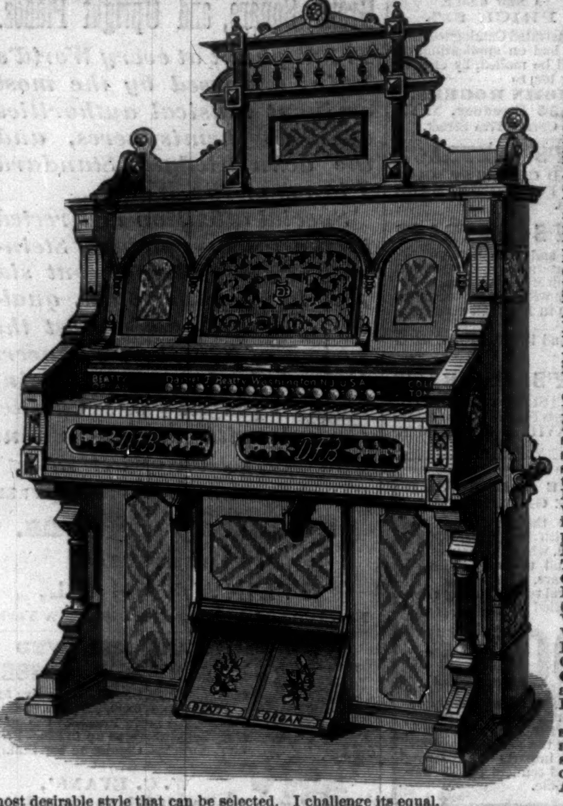

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CURES LAME BACK, COUGHS, AND RHEUMATISM.

THE WORLD'S EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

THE WORLD (newspaper) has opened at 1244 and 1246 Broadway, between Thirty-first and Thirty-second Streets, "An Employment Office and Bureau of Information," for the purpose of helping HONEST AND CAPABLE SERVANTS to secure good places, and of enabling employers to obtain such servants in the simplest, surest, and quickest way.

Only Servants of good established character are allowed to advertise in THE WORLD, or to register at this office; and after they have registered, they are sent only to places where they may expect to secure satisfactory and permanent situations.

The plan upon which THE WORLD conducts this office must commend itself, we believe, to employers as well as to servants. The *Evening Post* recently said, with perfect truth, in commenting upon the subject, that "to hope to obtain a good servant at an ordinary intelligence office is like hoping to draw a prize in the lottery." No reliance whatever can be placed in the so-called "characters" given at most of these places. Every one who applies and pays the regulation fee is allowed to register and is recommended to a place. No such indiscriminate course is pursued in THE WORLD's bureau. Every one who applies for registration is required to fill up a blank, giving his or her name, address, occupation, and nationality, with the name of his or her last employer. This blank is sent to the applicant's last employer by a confidential agent, who obtains specific information as to the applicant's HONESTY, SOBRIETY, and TRUSTWORTHINESS. If the answers to these inquiries are satisfactory, the applicant is allowed to register his or her name kept in books of record for that purpose at THE WORLD Employment Office; an advertisement is then, and only then, admitted to the columns of THE WORLD; and the servant is then, and only then, recommended to a suitable situation. No applicant is recommended until such inquiries have been made, excepting in the case of servants bringing letters of recommendation from recognized and settled ministers of any religious denomination. The greatest care will be taken to make sure that the servants whose names appear on THE WORLD's register are thoroughly HONEST AND CAPABLE, so that employers can engage them without being put to the trouble even to make inquiries as to their characters.

In ten weeks from the day on which the Employment Office was opened, over two thousand employers had been supplied with suitable servants. The Office has become a necessity to housekeepers, and has been imitated by other newspapers in other cities.

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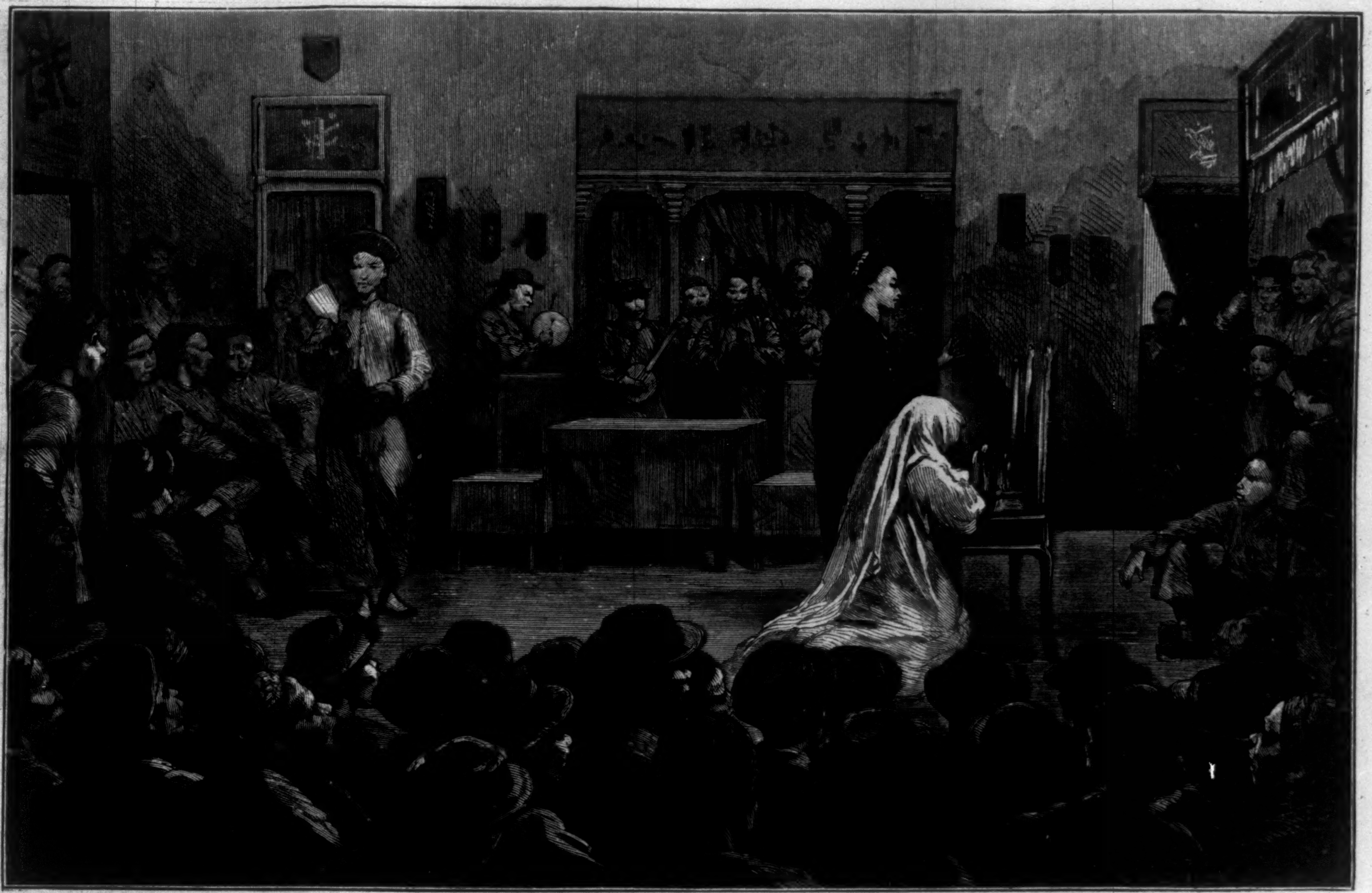
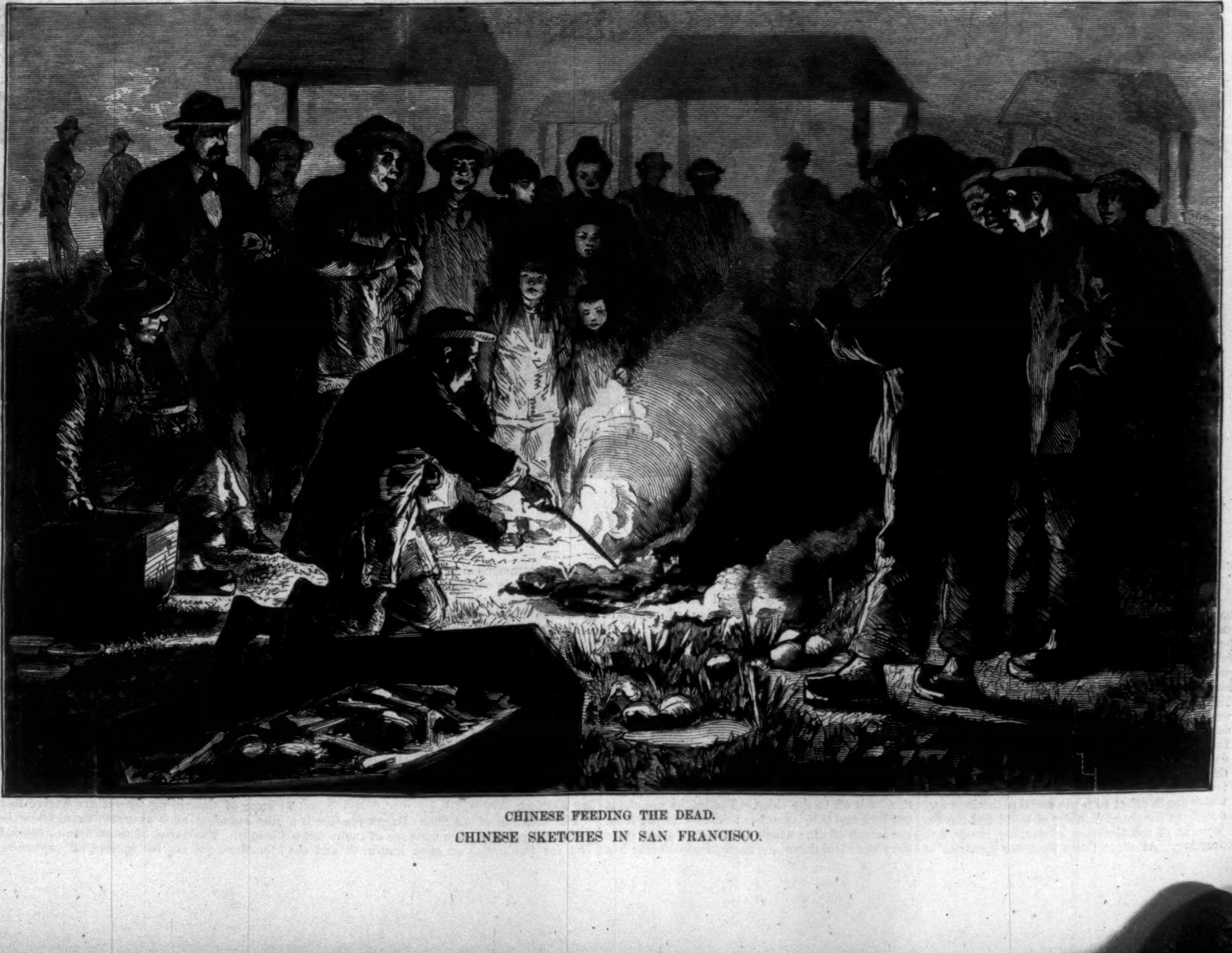


SCENE IN A CHINESE THEATRE.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

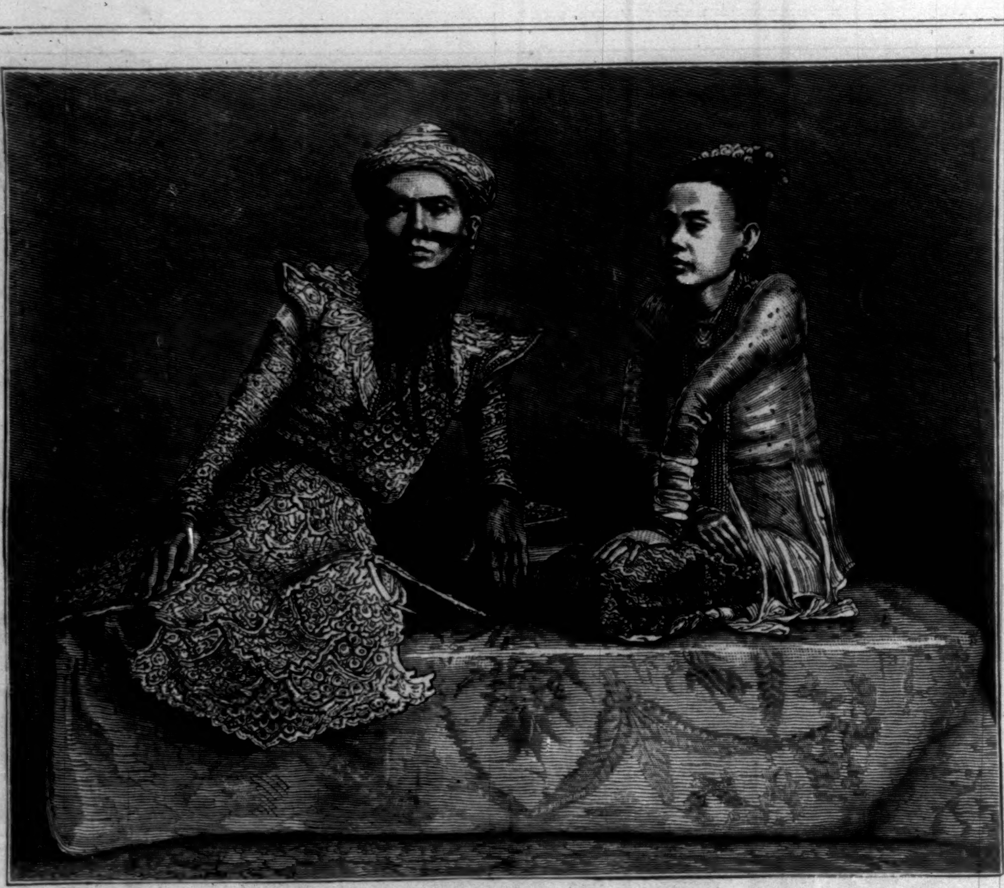
OUR artist in San Francisco has been taking notes among the Chinese inhabitants of that city, and the first-fruits of his explorations are given above. The upper engraving represents a scene in a Chinese theatre. So far as our artist could make out, by watching the progress of the play without understanding the language, the kneeling figure is a widow, attended by her maid, mourning for her departed husband, and praying for his happiness in whatever other world he may be. A suitor for her hand stands ready to present her with a bouquet of flowers, meanwhile gently fanning himself, and keeping up a low, monotonous chant, above which at intervals the voices of the two women rise in shrill notes or shrieks. There are several Chinese theatres in San Francisco, all of which are filled to overflowing at every representation. Large numbers of "barbarians" frequently attend them, attracted by curiosity.

The lower cut represents a scene in the Chinese burying-ground. Hundreds of lighted tapers of sandal-wood, which burns with a strong odor, surround the graves, with here and there candles colored to resemble wax. The Chinaman in the centre of the picture was burning heaps of white paper ornamented with gold-leaf, throwing up his arms occasionally, and then raking the pieces together with an iron wire to make them burn rapidly. Others stood around him, smoking pipes in silence. When the ceremony, whatever it may have been, was over, the Chinese packed up their tea-cups and such provisions as were of any use, and carried them away, leaving the dead only a little rice, a few cakes, etc., which no living person would care to steal. San Francisco boys used to linger about the burying-ground on such occasions, and "convey," after the ceremony, all the roast pig and other delicacies provided for the dead, and the frugal Chinamen now take away every thing of value when they depart. Perhaps they have themselves a shrewd idea that the buried people can get along without them.

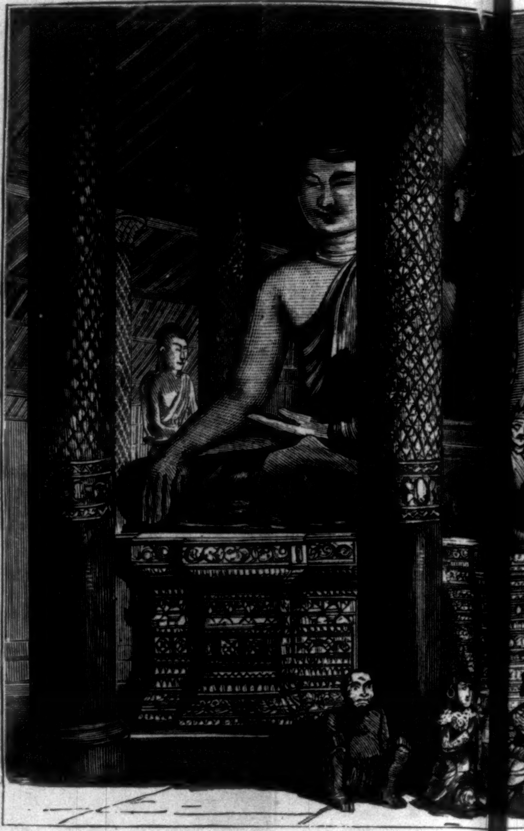


CHINESE FEEDING THE DEAD.

CHINESE SKETCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.



BURMESE ACTORS.



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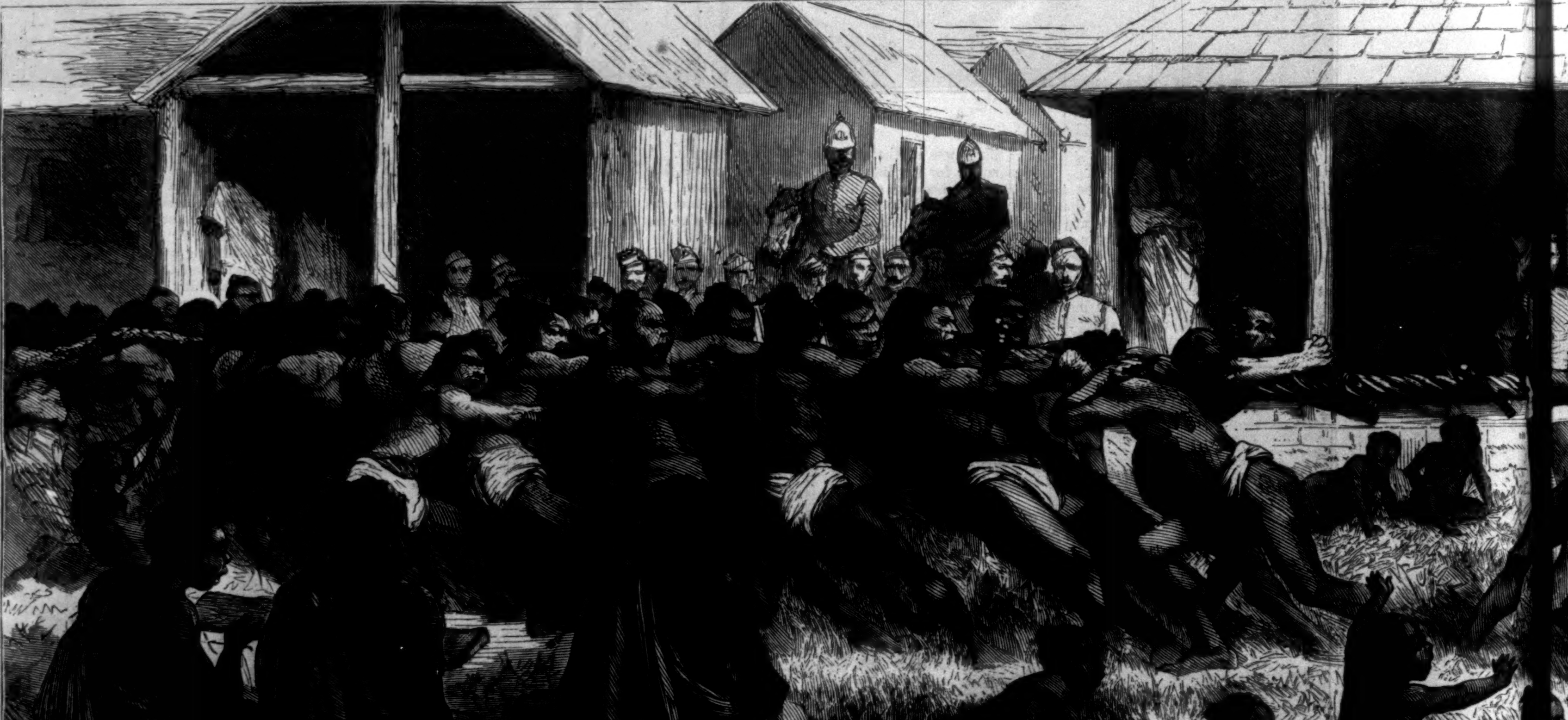


THE TUG OF WAR—I CAT

SKETCHES I BU

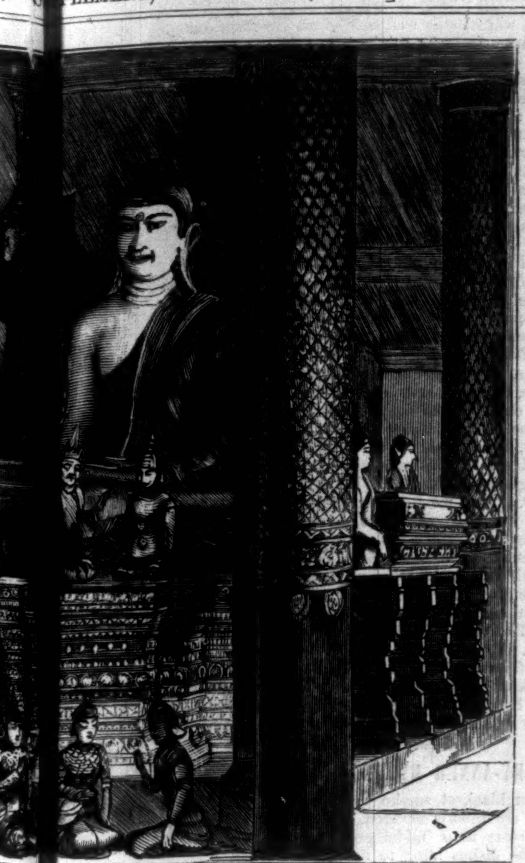
AMONG THE BURMESE.

The leading characteristics of the Burmese may be said to be religious zeal and a love of amusement; for however opposed these two ideas may be in the minds of believers of other creeds, the followers of Buddha, with the exception of the priesthood, unite pleasures of the most worldly kind with nearly all their religious observances. Throughout the kingdom of Burmah the days of worship are at the new and full moon, and seven days after each; but the whole time from the full moon of July to the full moon of October is devoted by the Burmese to a stricter practice of the ceremonies of their religion. During the latter month several religious festivals take place, which are in effect so many social gatherings and occasions for grand displays of toilet and the enjoyment of the pleasures of dancing, music, and feasting. At these times immense numbers of people assemble from different points; the roads are filled with travellers, and along the rivers barges filled with gayly dressed parties may be seen gliding toward some shrine of peculiar sanctity.

The favorite resort of the Burmese faithful during this sacred season is the great Shoay-Dagon, or Golden Pagoda, at Rangoon, the largest edifice of the kind in Burmah, and probably the largest in the world. It is situated about a mile from the city, upon a hill perhaps eighty or a hundred feet in height. The road leading to the temple is built with great care, and in a manner apparently peculiar to the country. The material used is brick, and there is a wide causeway in the centre which prevents the rain from lodging, and throws it off to the sides. The bricks are about one inch and three-quarters thick. Judging from the length of time which must have elapsed since they were laid down, the method of building has all the recommendation of durability, the road being very little cut up by the clumsy carriages, drawn by bullocks, which pass over it. The approach to the temple is guarded by two huge griffins of brick and mortar, and the visitor passes between long, narrow sheds. These are beautifully carved and gaudily painted in vermilion and gold, but covered in many places with horrible representations of Buddhistic tortures reserved for those who are lost. A very dilapidated staircase must be mounted, and then the immense stone terrace upon which the pagoda itself stands is reached. This terrace is nearly a thousand feet square. The base of the pagoda, standing at the centre of the terrace, is octagonal in shape, and 1500 feet in circumference, the entire height being 300 feet.

The situation of the Shoay-Dagon renders it a conspicuous object at a distance of many miles. The tee (umbrella) of open iron-work and the whole of the spire are richly gilded. The placing of the tee upon the summit of the spire is an act of high importance and solemnity. It is, in effect, the sanctification of the temple, signifying that then, and not until then, the divinity has taken possession of it. The gold upon this pagoda is said to equal the weight of a former Burmese king, and the spire blazes so fiercely under a noonday sun as to almost dazzle the beholder. At the base of the immense structure are broad stone steps and large griffins, and also some smaller pagodas of like design and finish. Within the inclosure are a large number of temples, most of them containing huge images of Gautama, the last Buddha, made of wood, brick and lime, marble, and metal, and nearly all thickly gilded. Some of the sitting figures are twelve feet and the standing ones as much as eighteen feet in height. The faces of these figures speak badly for Burmese art, for instead of expressing the complete abstraction in w th posed to dwell, one wi spe wearing an "unmeaning le," scribes the sitting images looki tailors at a Quaker mee ions given by Eastern t llers idols are, however, quite sever **Frank Vincent**, author capi part of India, published the I titled *The Land of the W Elep* "I noticed that all the s we contented expression, o nsua er than intellectual. S of th made of minute pieces glass the fringes of the robes s orn gave them the appear of co when different colored sses court dress the effect w ite

The Shoay-Dagon Pa deri sanctity from being, ac ng to



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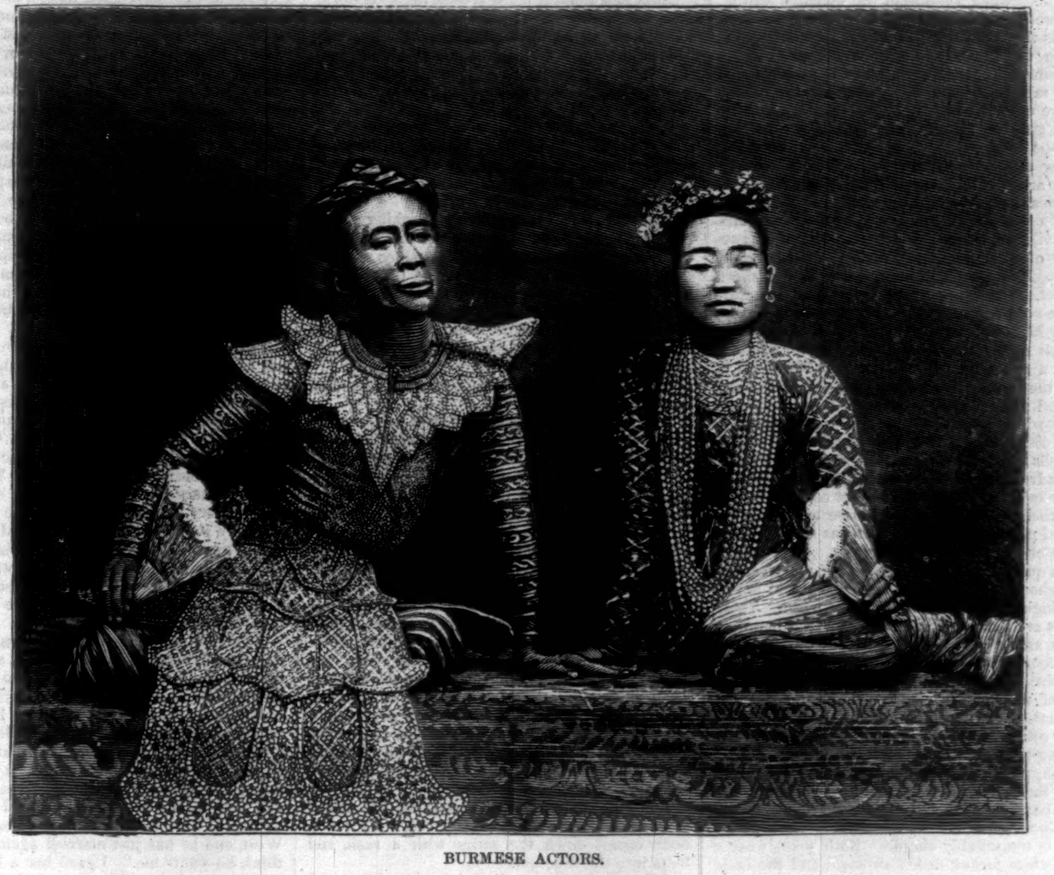
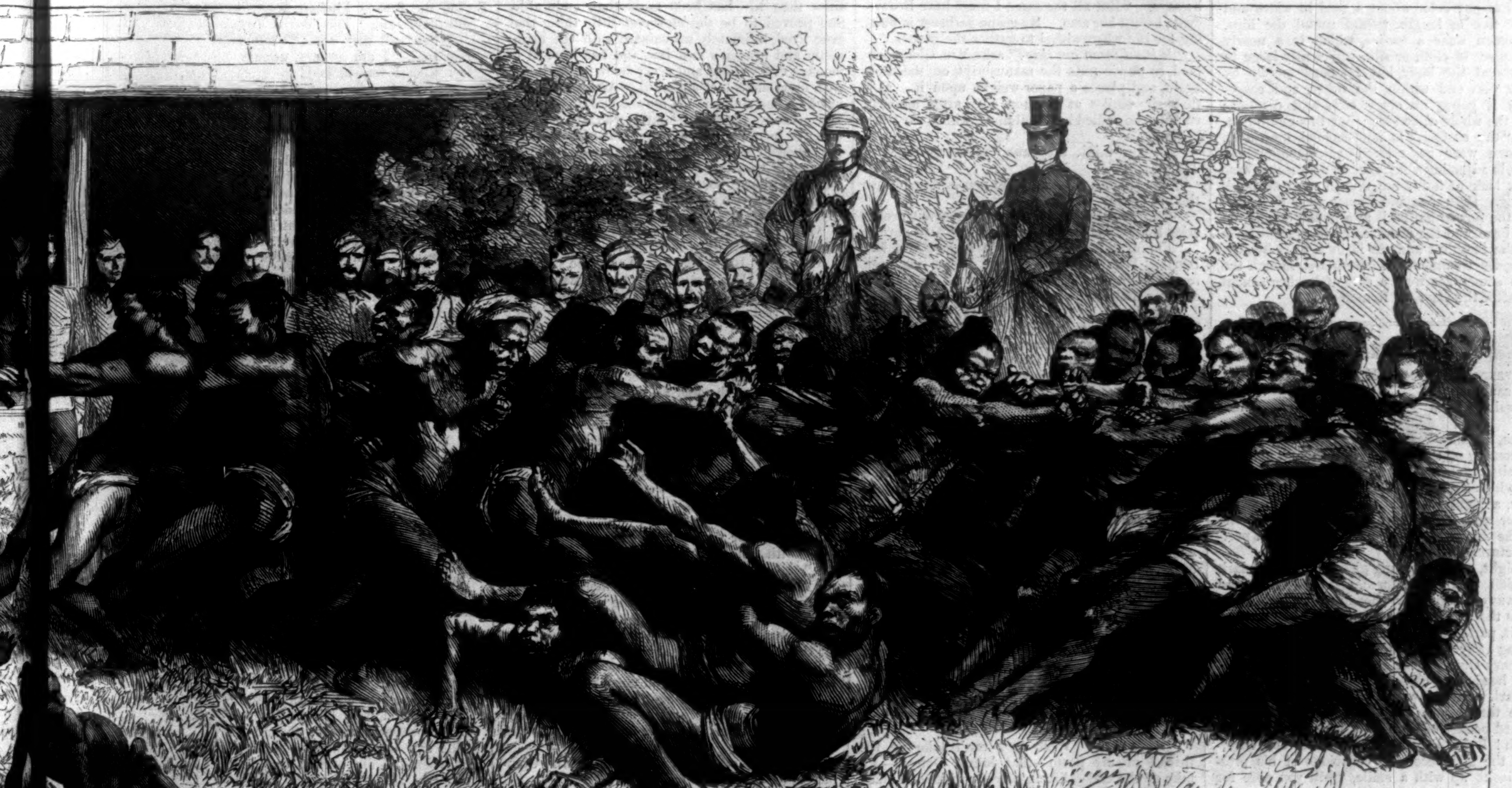


BURMESE ACTORS.



AR-I CATION FOR RAIN.

HES BURMAH.

on in the Buddha is sup- ne speaks of them as eaning le," and another de- images oking like "so many meeti None of the opin- tern lers of the Burmese quite evere as that of Mr. uthor capital work on this lished he HARPERS, and en- *the W Elephant.* He says: ll the s wore a humorous, on, o nsual, however, rath- l. S of their drapery was pieces glass, especially were robes ornamented. This peara of coats of mail, and lored ses were used in a ect ite gay."

on Pa derives its peculiar g, ac ng to Burmese tradition, the depository of relics of the last four Buddhas, viz., the staff of KAUTHATHON, the water dipper of GAUNAGON, a garment of KATHAPA, and eight hairs from the head of GAUTAMA. Burmese pagodas, it may be observed, are not temples, but monuments erected to the memory of GAUTAMA, and they are all supposed to contain sacred relics, and consequently are objects of worship to the Buddhist. On small tables in front of the large idols, or at their base, as seen in our illustration, large numbers of tiny images are frequently lying scattered about. A pious Burmese who purchases an idol first has the ceremony of consecration performed by the rahans (holy men). He then takes his purchase to whichever sacred building is most convenient, and there places it within the shelter of the temple, or even on the ground outside; nor does he ever again seem to have any anxiety about its preservation, but leaves the divinity to shift for itself. Some of these idols are made of marble that is found in the neighborhood of the capital of Burmah, and admits of a very fine polish; many are formed of wood, and gilded; and a few are of silver. The latter, however, are not exposed and neglected like the others. Silver and gold are rarely used except in the composition of household gods.

Diminutive idols are not, however, the only offering the devout Burmese lay at the feet of their idols. An eye-witness of the ceremonies that take place during some of the great religious festivals tells us: "Men bearing paper umbrellas, fruits, flowers, and other gifts crowd the image-houses, present their gifts to the favorite idol, making their *shek-ho*, and say their prayers with all dispatch. Others are gluing more gold-leaf on the face of the image, or saluting him with crackers, the explosion of which in nowise interferes with the serenity of the worshippers. The women for the most part remain outside kneeling on the sward just at the entrance of the temple, where a view can be obtained of the image within." On another occasion we read: "The umbrellas brought were so numerous that one could with difficulty thread a passage through them. Some were pure white, others white and gold, while many boasted all the colors of the rainbow. They were made of paper beautifully cut into various patterns. There were numerous altars and images, and numberless little Gautamas; but a deep niche or cave, at the far end of which was a fat idol with a yellow cloth wrapped round him, seemed a place of peculiar sanctity. This recess would have been quite dark had it not been for the numberless tapers of yellow wax that were burning before the image. The closeness of the place, the smoke from the candles, and the fumes from the quantity of crackers constantly being let off rendered respiration almost impossible. An old pon-gyee (priest), however, the only one I ever saw in a temple, seemed quite in his element, his shaven bristly head and coarse features looking ugly enough to serve for some favorite idol, and he seemed a fitting embodiment of so senseless and degrading a worship. The beating a bell with a deer's horn, the explosion of crackers, and the rapid muttering of prayers made up a din of sounds, the suitable accompaniment of so misdirected a devotion."

When the ceremonies at the temples come to an end, the Burmese worshippers wear out the rest of the day in such amusements as boxing, dancing, singing, and theatrical exhibitions. These last offer a singular study in histrionic art. Among our sketches will be found the portraits of four actors. The artist to whom we are indebted for our group of engravings says of the first two figures: "The man is in court dress. A false beard is worn, because the Burmese have none natural-